

# THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

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## THE ONE SUBJECT.

DURING the present month, there is certainly but one subject talked of—the Catholic Question. All other public matters, and there are many very important, are neglected, because *this*, the most important of all, must be settled first. We must, however, do “the subject” the justice to say, it is no longer confined to the dull generalities which used heretofore to grace it. We are coming now to “something real.” The Relief Bill has actually been brought in, and the discussions which have arisen upon it, have called forth *facts* as well as tropes; and many of these are of the highest interest, and demand the fullest attention. About ninety-eight hundredths of the Catholic Question, as a practical matter, refer to Ireland. The effect of Emancipation upon that, at present, most awfully-suffering country, is at last the chief object that is considered. The more able debaters look the matter fairly in the face—and we are relieved, in a great degree, from the old prosing about the Acts of Charles II., and what might have been advisable a hundred and fifty years ago. There is, to be sure, some twaddle about the Revolution, brought forward by the reasoners who mistake its accidents for its principles. But the men of sense are busy as to what is most advisable *now*.

In this spirit, it is our intention to keep our eye upon the one subject throughout the month—namely, to consider the doing more than the saying. We may probably be led to say a few words about the conduct of the Ministers, in bringing it forward—but in our comments, from time to time, upon what takes place on the subject, we shall chiefly confine ourselves to those which are to become *practical measures*.

First, as to the Bill itself. Mr. Peel introduced it last night (5th March) in a speech, for the most part exceedingly able, lucid, and powerful in argument. Indeed, the close, consecutive reasoning, founded on facts—each undeniably proved as soon as stated—which he applies to the adoption of the measure generally, cannot but cause exceeding surprise, that it should have been so long before Mr. Peel regarded the matter in a light which he now advocates, with so much strength and clearness. We think he dwells somewhat too long on the details of the history of the embarrassments of the various Administrations for the last five-and-thirty years, on the Catholic Question. This smacks, when car-

ried to such great length, rather too much of the old official school; the spirit of which is most strikingly absent from the bulk of Mr. Peel's speech. With regard to himself, Mr. Peel seems always to have wished to retire from office, when in a minority in the House of Commons on so momentous a subject as the Catholic Question. He did not think that a fitting position for a minister. When in 1825, he was so placed for the first time, he intimated to Lord Liverpool his desire to resign. Mr. Peel had had occasion previously to the debate of last night, to state this fact, as also that Lord Liverpool had begged him to remain, as his retirement would involve his own, and the dissolution of the ministry. We hope it is not possible that any one can have expressed doubt of an assertion thus made—but at this moment of personal virulence on this question, there is no knowing how far it may be carried. We speak thus from the extraordinary circumstance of Mr. Peel having brought down, last night, "a document,"—we conclude a letter—which he offered to submit "to the perusal of any gentleman who might be doubtful of the fact he had stated." If any such person were indeed in the House, he very discreetly did not avow himself. Mr. Peel then accounts for his not retiring in 1825, from feelings of personal respect and regard for Lord Liverpool. "I had entered," he says, "into public life with him; and, at the time of which I am speaking, that nobleman was approaching the close of his political life; and I did, therefore, shrink from the painful task of determining his retirement by an act of my own, and becoming responsible for the dissolution of the Government. It may be said, that I ought to have acted on my own impressions: still these were the motives of my conduct." And motives, we think, which it is impossible not to respect—especially when we call to mind, that there was to be a general election the following year. Accordingly, to use his own words, Mr. Peel "undertook to wait for the decision of a new House of Commons."

The first vote of that House on the question, was against the Catholics. The next year—but we will now let Mr. Peel speak for himself. Our readers may think that we are swerving from our resolution, of confining ourselves to the practical parts of the question;—but we also stated that we should find it necessary to touch upon the motives which had guided the ministers. It would be injustice to them—especially to Mr. Peel, who has been more particularly the object of attack—if we did not:—and, moreover, our readers will find that this will lead us at once to the state of Ireland—Mr. Peel's change of opinion as to the best course, arose from *that*—and that, we have said, and shall say to the last, is the real point to be looked to, to guide us with regard to the Catholic question:—

In 1828, however, the same House of Commons took a different course. It did not pass a bill, but it came to a resolution determining the principle; and that being the case, he did say the sense of the country had been fairly taken. A new parliament having now decided in favour of this measure, he determined that no consideration should induce him to remain an obstacle to the passing of the measure, being at the same time charged with the duties of a responsible Minister of the Crown. That was the course which he had pursued in reference to this question. Last year the House of Commons, for the first time since the election, decided in favour of the Catholic claims.



It would, perhaps, have been wiser in him to have anticipated such a result. It was a painful course at all times to act contrary to preconceived principles, to separate from friends, and to adopt a course inconsistent with that which he had before followed. The events of the last six weeks (hear, hear,) might have convinced any one that this was no easy task, and he would say, in the magnificent words of Dryden, when assailed under very nearly the same circumstances.

'Tis said with ease, but, oh ! how hardly tried

By haughty souls to human honour tied !

O ! sharp convulsive pangs of agonizing pride !

After the House of Commons came to the decision he had stated, in 1828, he was prepared to take the course which he had been prepared to take in 1825, with this addition. He intimated to the noble Duke at the head of His Majesty's Government, that he was not only prepared to retire from office, but that, seeing the current of public opinion, he was ready to make a sacrifice of consistency and of friendship, and by whatever parties the settlement of the question was undertaken, he, for one, was prepared, in whatever post he might be, to support the measure, provided he thought it was undertaken on principles safe for the Protestant establishment. (Hear.) He had detailed on a former evening the communication which had been made to him with respect to the state of Ireland, in order to shew that civil intercourse was poisoned in that country,—that family was divided against family,—that the bonds of civil life were burst asunder,—that the tranquillity of the country was disturbed, and that the fountains of justice were turned from their proper direction. (Hear). What was the answer which was given to this statement ? "This is the old story,—the repetition of facts with which we have been familiar for the last twenty-five years ; therefore, there is no reason for any change." It was because it was the old story,—because the facts were well known—because it was found impossible to put an end to them, that he was tired of maintaining the present system.

It was the old story—but the old story with additions. There had been great changes in the shape of encrease, but none in the shape of diminution, of the causes of irritation and disquiet in Ireland. The forty-shilling freeholders had become, from the mere instrument of the aristocracy, the weapon of the Catholic clergy. They used it with force and with effect—and who shall blame them ? The instrument, to continue the metaphor, had been employed for oppression—the weapon was wielded to get free. Thus the Catholics *must* have argued the question ; and we are not, by any means, prepared to say that the argument was unsound. Next, the Catholic Association had risen into might, and the Brunswick Clubs had arrayed themselves against it. The policy of the Catholics had, during the last year, been that of peace—and the Association certainly prevented risings which the violence of their opponents was calculated to excite. But who could tell how long this policy might last ?—Who could prophesy that the two factions might not soon irritate each other beyond endurance, and involve the country in scenes of horror, to which it is painful even to allude ? It is fears like these—or at least the belief that such things were possible—in addition to the constant continuance of the old system of disunion—which, we do think, the more moderate opponents of concession had hoped would die away—it is this view of the question, and we regard it as a most sound one—that has changed the opinions of Mr. Peel, and of many others, with regard to Catholic Emancipa-

tion. Our only wonder is, that they did not earlier see the fallacy of their old belief\*.

But they now *have* seen it;—they now have the will, as well as the power, to grant Emancipation. And a blessing and a mercy will that be to Ireland! Can there be, indeed, a greater mercy than to give tranquillity in the room of constant irritation—to substitute fellowship for ill-will—confidence for distrust—kindness and good offices for quarrels and bloodshed—and the pure administration of justice between man and man, for partiality and oppression? Can there be a greater mercy than that the spreading of peace should enable the good and the wise to concert measures for the relief of *the starving Poor*?†

We now come to the consideration of the Bill of Relief, introduced by Mr. Peel. We delight at its broad, general, generous spirit of concession. Its principle is most truly, as he declares, “the abolition of civil distinctions, and the equality of political rights.” And this principle is fairly and fully carried throughout it. The exceptions most truly merit the name—they are very few, and on strictly special grounds. We rejoice at there being none of those securities exacted, about which there have been so many prettinesses spoken for years past. We have always thought it must be apparent to anything approaching sound sense that, if such securities as those talked of were needed, they must be of no avail. If slight, [they would be only needless irritations; and if they amounted, as was wished, to sweeping exclusions, matters might as well remain as they are: for the great practical object sought in Catholic Emancipation is peace to Ireland—and men subject to exclusions on account of religion will never remain at peace. The reservations almost wholly relate to the established church; and seem quite fair and reasonable.

The principal provisions of the bill may be shortly given. First, the abolition of some penal laws regarding the possession of real property, which, to say the truth, had fallen into disuse, but which still existed. This places Catholic and Protestant upon a similar footing as regards property. Next, as to political rights. Mr. Peel justly lays down that “the whole question of admission to political power turns upon the admission of Roman Catholics into Parliament.” They are to be admitted, and on the same footing as their Protestant members. We regret much that we have not space for this most highly able part of Mr. Peel’s speech, in which he states his reasons for not imposing any limit, as had been suggested, upon their numbers or their power of voting. We consider his arguments upon this point quite unanswerable. Many of them must have suggested themselves to those who have thought on the subject—but they are all most

\* It may, perhaps, be as well to state, that Mr. Peel declares, that not only himself, but also Mr. Pitt and Lord Liverpool, always thought the objection alleged to arise from the Coronation Oath, wholly void of foundation. Even the story of the speech of the late King to Lord Grenville (which is stuck in the shop-windows in gold letters on purple satin) is now proved to be a falsity, having been distinctly denied, on Lord Grenville’s direct authority, in the House of Lords. But, as Mr. Peel justly felt, this objection needs but little consideration, now.

† Our readers must not regard the words “the starving poor” as *mere* words, used to round a sentence. In a subsequent debate, the subject was more distinctly alluded to—and in our comments on it, a few pages farther on, we have shewn the extent to which Want permanently exists in Ireland.



forcibly and clearly put—several in a new light, and some we now see for the first time.

Mr. Peel then proceeds to read the oath which he proposes that the Catholics shall take upon their entrance into Parliament. He prefaces this by stating, that “he was sure that it would be a great relief to the Roman Catholic, and a great satisfaction, he believed he might say, to many Protestant members, (loud cries of Hear!) to hear that he proposed to repeal the declaration against transubstantiation! (loud cheering).” We rejoice that this announcement was received in this spirit. The oath itself first promises allegiance—next, support to the succession, as arranged by the Act of Settlement. It abjures the opinion that princes, excommunicated or deprived by the pope, or any authority of the see of Rome, may be deposed or murdered. It renounces all temporal authority of the pope, or any foreign potentate, within this realm. It promises support to the settlement of property as established by law,—abjures all intention to subvert the Church-Establishment,—and declares that the maker of the oath never will exercise any privilege “to disturb or weaken the Protestant religion, or Protestant government, in this kingdom.”

Such are the provisions of this oath, and we have not one single exception to take to them. So far from it, we ardently wish that,—of course, with the omission of the declaration of professing the Catholic religion,—the same oath were adopted for the Protestant members, in lieu of those now taken. The declaration against transubstantiation is, it seems, to be abolished: and we could wish the Oath of Supremacy to be, at the least, revised. We cannot, indeed, see much utility in causing it to be taken, now that it is imposed only upon those by whom the King’s supremacy is manifestly acknowledged. If, however, it be thought of moment, let this stand: but there is a passage in the abnegation which requires reference to matters not stated in the wording of the oath; which necessity, we have reason to know, is not quite palatable to some persons of strict conscience\*. Nay, the effect of this very Act for the emancipation of the Catholics may probably add to the difficulty to which we allude. Certainly, this is beside the general question;—but, when we are noticing the oath framed for the Catholics, it is not wandering very far to express a wish, that those imposed on the Protestants may be also looked to. The members of the House of Commons seem to have expressed vivid satisfaction at being released from one.

The Catholics are to be admitted, not only to Parliament, but to all civil offices, with two exceptions—those of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and of Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, in all of its technical modifications. Appointments to the Universities, and our collegiate schools, are also naturally excepted, as also the right to nominate to such appointments; and the right, whether arising from situation or property, to church patronage of any kind: the nomination, on such occasions, to be vested in the Crown. The last exception declares, that it shall not be lawful “for any Catholic to advise

\* It is to be recollected that this oath is imposed in numberless instances besides that of admission into Parliament.

the Crown in the investiture or distribution of any ecclesiastical dignity in the Established Church of England or Ireland." And truly these exceptions are very moderate. The spirit of the whole series seems to be no more than the prevention of Catholic interference with the Established Church. Well may Mr. Peel say, "that they rest upon specific grounds, and do not, in the slightest degree, invade the great principle upon which the bill proceeds, of an equal civilization of civil rights."

But the only "security," or balance, or whatever it may be termed, to the admission of the Catholics to their share of political power, is the raising the qualification of the Irish county voter to £10. This is the only measure of the kind of any moment—and this, too, regards Ireland only. If it were an integral measure, much might be said on both sides. We dislike exceedingly to see the franchise limited—but a principle may be excellent, and yet its application may not be always wise, even as regards its own advancement. The truth is, if it must be spoken, that, according to the present system of election, the 40s. freeholder in Ireland is not equal to the privilege of voting. It is, we in our hearts believe, an admirable thing for their country that they were created—for we are of opinion that it is their *application* by the Catholic leaders and the priesthood that has won Emancipation. But loaded guns, though excellent things for troops in war, are not only useless, but may perhaps be dangerous, to quiet citizens in time of peace—and such times, we hope, are now dawning upon Ireland.

We are quite aware that the sudden increase of the franchise to £10. will be considered a vast price to pay for Emancipation—but is not Emancipation worth it? We do not think the 40s. men themselves were the better off for their votes—it created idleness and cabals, ill-will, fights, and, we were going to add, whiskey—but at the Clare election the priesthood kept them even from that\*. Still, it was a power the Catholics must feel grieved to resign. But Mr. Peel states that, in many parts of Ireland, the majority who hold the franchise will still be among the Catholics at £10. We shall give a short passage from this part of his speech, for we think it excellent:—

It is impossible I can solace myself with the reflection that my plan will be found entirely unobjectionable; but recollect I propose it as part only of a great system of beneficial alteration,—one which will require time to execute, and the devotion of mutual sacrifices. I know that we cannot expect these evils will at once expire, while the paroxysms of party continue, which, depend upon it, will for some time survive after the application of the remedy. I admit I do not think it safe to leave the franchise upon its present footing, but we have here a measure calculated, as I think, to establish a substantial class of yeomanry in Ireland, and to effect a great improvement in the moral condition of that country. I can no longer, I know, vindicate this part of the measure, exclusively as a defence of Protestantism, because I admit that the majority of the 10*l*. freeholders in the south of Ireland will be Roman Catholics; but they are likely to be independent men and free agents, and to raise an impartial voice in the exercise of their rights. If I am asked in what way I compensate the interests which I have curtailed, I answer to the Ro-

\* An Irishman often, if the habit of drunkenness be creeping upon him, and he have an exciting motive to the contrary sufficiently strong, will make an oath against whiskey for a given time—and he never breaks it.



man Catholics, I have removed from you an invidious and excluding distinction—I admit you and your descendants to an eligibility to attain the honours and distinctions of the state. That, I say, is ample compensation to you for the loss, if any it be, of this miserable 40s. privilege, which is, in fact, no privilege at all, in the judgment of any man who has attentively read the evidence given before both Houses of Parliament. What a picture that evidence presents,—the tenant at one time pressed at one side by the temporal interest of his landlord, and at another by the spiritual influence of his priest: see what is the condition of such a man, and then you can estimate how small must be the loss to him of his franchise.

On the whole, with the assurance,—which we have had made somewhat more general by private information,—*that there will be still a fair majority of Catholic voters*,—for the Catholics are a majority, even by Mr. Peel's computation, grounded on the census of 1821, of five to two,—we should scarcely object to this measure if it stood alone. The voters will be more enlightened, purer, freer. But as the price of otherwise unqualified Emancipation! good Catholics, be wise, be wise—and pay it without saying a word.

The adjourned debate on the second reading of the Catholic Relief Bill—which took place last night, the 18th—affords many points most singularly deserving, nay exacting, observation. The debate of the evening before was remarkable only for Mr. Sadler's elaborate speech, of which, in the midst of much of what appears to us to be false-sightedness and mistaken reasoning, there are some parts displaying at the least sound principle and good feeling. These we shall speak of in our comments upon Lord Palmerston's speech; but we must first make bold to express our very humble wonder at the meaning of the following report; we take it from the Morning Chronicle, and we really think the Speaker ought to cause the proprietor of that paper to be indicted for representing the House of Commons as considering common sense, experience, benevolence, and kindness of heart as qualities worthy only of the most indecent ridicule; for, of course, such a representation *cannot* be correct! "Legislate for Ireland, taking with you the lights of common sense and experience [loud and continued laughter]. Go to the task with a warmth of benevolence, and with a kindness in your hearts [loud and continued bursts of laughter]." Really we can see nothing ludicrous in this. Mr. Sadler, who, notwithstanding Lord Palmerston's sneers, has certainly studied the state, if not the history, of Ireland, far more than his lordship, recommends attention to the condition of that country in a spirit of kindness and good feeling—and this excites roars of laughter! But, though we consider it as speaking exceedingly ill for the laughers that this part of Mr. Sadler's speech should have been received with ridicule, we are very far from agreeing with the major part of it. For instance, we consider him to be wholly wrong as to the nullity of power of Catholic Emancipation to relieve the present state of Ireland. We believe no people of common sense ever have regarded it as, in itself, a panacea, which is, at once, to cure all the evils that afflict the unhappy Irish; but they believe it to be the necessary preliminary to all else. Years and years of evil cannot be cured by one enthusiastic burst in which "the ayes have it" by a majority of more than doubling their opponents. Alas! no; but the disabilities have

been a constant source of insult and irritation, which have prevented the due administration of ordinary justice—the common feeling between neighbour and neighbour—in short, *Peace* has been unknown. That Catholic Emancipation will produce this, we fully believe; but, in itself, it will do no more. It will not create food, or rather money to buy it; for of food there is nearly always plenty, and to spare,—but it will give the benevolently-disposed and the clear-sighted opportunity to create employment by well-digested measures, into the details of which we shall not now enter, but which will suggest themselves to every mind. But, in the mean time, and for many a sad year yet to come, these measures will not operate sufficiently to prevent that which now continually is taking place in Ireland. *What*, reader, think you, is *this*?—our fellow-creatures daily dying of want! Mark you; we do not wish to exaggerate; we do not say, of direct hunger—but of that wretched decay, and of those disorders, which are brought on by the insufficient supply of the first needs of nature. That the poverty in Ireland is at a pitch that causes premature death we are certain. We seldom speak of what is contained in our own work; but, in a matter of evidence, we will. Such of our readers as may chance to bind up our numbers will find in the second of the series which we have conducted, a paper entitled “The Condition of the Irish Poor\*.” We will pledge ourselves that every fact there stated is true to the letter. Indeed, as that was printed eleven months ago, as magazine articles are soon forgotten, and as we want these facts to bear against Lord Palmerston’s arguments, we will reprint two passages; but we pray those readers who have the paper, to read it all. They will find sad and painful facts there; and, if they have “kindness in their hearts,” they may probably give it play without being assailed by “loud and continued bursts of laughter” for their pains:—

I live within nineteen miles of Dublin, and personally know nothing of the most wretched parts of Ireland; yet what I see *here* you would scarcely credit. This is quite a corn district, which, of course, is favourable in affording employment; the neighbouring fishing towns, although they have but few boats in comparison to what you might suppose their proximity to the Dublin market would support, still maintain a considerable number of families, so that anything I can relate to you will, in fact, convey no sample of what really is the degree of suffering poverty in Ireland. I believe some political economists say that the Roman Catholic religion is productive of mendicity; whether it is so or not I shall not examine; but it most undoubtedly fosters a degree of charity which is equally striking as the want which it relieves. I am told nearly all the families of the men who go to England and Scotland for the harvest, live, during the absence of their husbands and fathers, by begging—and I can well credit it from what I see here. You will meet a woman with scarcely any other clothes than a patched and ragged cloak, followed by three or four children—generally, indeed, with one of them on her back—a tin kettle and a small sack carried by the biggest;—she tells you her husband “is gone to look work; she has tired out her own people; or she has none to look to her; and she is *walking the world*, begging her bit for God’s sake;” and she will often return at night to the temporary lodging she has secured, with her sack full of potatoes, which may have been collected from the small farmers, or by twos and threes at the houses of the poorest inhabitants. I know several widows who have, for a constancy, entirely existed, together

\* London Magazine, Third Series, vol. I. p. 177.



with their children, on the benevolence of their neighbours. "Looking their bit," is a regular phrase to denote this way of living. But imagine what it is!—the scanty meal of cold potatoes, or the wretched fire which is made of "sprigs," (that is, bits of furze pulled from the few fences that offer even that,) and morsels of manure, which have been dried to supply the fuel necessary to boil the small refuse potatoes which they glean, if I may so term it, from the general digging of the neighbouring crops!—Think of such a family, on a winter's day, wandering along the country with not always the degree of covering necessary for decency, never that sufficient for warmth;—look at the bare legs, mottled blue with cold, and scarred with burns which they have scarcely felt, when, in their eagerness to profit by the permission to warm themselves, they have almost put their limbs into the fire!—The mother deploring the existence of her children, and looking with double sadness at the inclemency of a day of storm, when they must remain within their cabin, destitute both of food and warmth—their bed, on which they try to sleep away some of the hours of misery, a heap of worn-out straw, without other covering than the tattered cloak, a piece of an old sack, or, may be, the remains of a blanket, which you would think too vile a rag to hang out amongst your peas as a scarecrow! This is no fancy drawn picture—*I know several families equally destitute.*

Last spring, though there had not been an absolute failure of potatoes, they were very dear; and I will give you one instance of the sufferings endured by a family consisting of a man, his wife, and five children, the eldest a girl about twelve years old. The man, whose name is Donough, usually works with a farmer who feeds him, and gives him seven-pence a day; but in the scarcest part of the spring, the farmer diminished his number of labourers, and this poor man could find no employment. He left home to seek for work, and at the end of three weeks returned scarcely able, through weakness from want of food, to crawl to his door. His wife was not in a much better condition;—they begged from the neighbours, but what they got was only sufficient to preserve them from actual famine;—they constantly passed two days without food—their children would, as she expressed it to me, get megrims in their heads through emptiness, and then they would fall down on the floor, and sleep—but they would groan in their sleep, and their father would cry out, 'Well, thank God, they will die, and be out of their pain before morning, and I shall not hear those heart-breaking moans any longer.' The father could scarcely endure his home where he witnessed such things. What did the *mother* feel? She regretted that she was a wife and a mother, and all the fond overflowing warm feelings of nature, the best emotions of the heart, were turned to bitterness and despair;—she wished to stand alone in the world, she hugged her infants in agony, and prayed God would take them! But they lived through their sufferings. Summer came, and with it employment; hay-making, gleaning, and, above all, the potatoes. They lived through their sufferings, to endure them probably again, or, if not equal misery, something very nearly approaching to it. At this moment, I am supporting a family where the father is in the ague, and the wife lying-in of her sixth child. You would think their cabin not good enough for a cow-shed; the bed the poor woman lies on is not as warm as the litter in your dog-kennel. Their landlord is a man who holds an acre and a half of ground, and finds it difficult enough to support his own family; yet he is very patient for their rent, a pound a year, which I cannot imagine how they *ever* pay. You would scarcely take this woman to belong to the United Kingdom;—her hair hangs in the jagged locks which you see represented in prints of the Esquimaux women—filth begrimes her, till her naturally fair complexion is imperceptible—her large blue eyes looked wild and haggard with misery—her tone is that of hopelessness. You cannot imagine the sad dead tone of voice which accompanies this state of destitution.

We did not mean to extract so much, but we could not stop.—We wished our readers should behold the state of *one of the most prosperous parts of Ireland*. A general statistical improvement cannot remove these things in one year, or in two years, or in ten—and is it fitting they should last? There is but one cure, or rather alleviation,—*the poor-laws*. Nay, do not start at the word, good reader. The poor laws in this country are clogged with a variety of evil customs of administration—the growth of two centuries and a half; though, even here, in some parts, they work well enough, now. But there is a clear stage in Ireland. Things may be done better when we begin at the beginning, as we hope to convince you presently, when you have fairly considered what Lord Palmerston says on the other side. We have cherished this idea long, as we believe has Mr. Sadler, who urged it last night. We have been waiting for a fitting opportunity to give it breath, when thoughts might be bent towards Ireland. Thank Heaven it is now come! For the first time in the history of the two countries, the government, the general government, now turns towards Ireland with feelings of compassion, with actions of redress. The Irish, then, must starve no longer.

And now, begging our readers to bear in mind the facts they have just read, we will lay Lord Palmerston's arguments before them:—

“As to the proposal for the introduction of the poor-laws into Ireland, if he were not restrained by the respect he entertained for the Hon. Member who made the proposition, he should say it was an insult, a mockery of the distress of Ireland. (Cheers.) The people of Ireland had been reproached with being an improvident people—was the provision held out by the poor-laws calculated to make them provident? (Hear.) Ireland was said to be embarrassed by a redundant population. (Hear.) Were the poor-laws likely to relieve them from this embarrassment, or to increase it? The poor of Ireland, too, were said to be an indolent and degraded class of men,—the poor-laws, were, of course, most admirably calculated to stimulate them to industry, and parish relief would doubtless exalt them. (Cheers and laughter.) They had had the benefit of the talents and exertions of the most able and enlightened legislators in the attempt to relieve England from the curse of her poor-laws; but he believed that it never occurred to any one before, that the poor-laws were a blessing to this country, and much less that such a blessing should be imparted to Ireland.”

My Lord, it does “occur to” us, and we have a very confident belief, that, if your Lordship's household and family were in the condition described in the last page, your Lordship's self would consider the poor-laws a very great blessing indeed. Things may move very well for the rich, as they are,—but we must look at the condition of the poor. *We* consider the *principle* of the poor-laws the most beautiful, the most perfect, that the goodness of the human heart ever imparted to legislation. It may be considered a very immediate application of *that* precept, which has ever been held to raise the moral beauty of Christianity far above that of any other system of religion, “All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.” The principle of the poor-laws does, indeed,



closely approximate to this:—It is simply, “Your neighbour who is willing to work shall not be suffered to die of want.”

To the man who has religious or humane feelings, we think this should speak strongly. For the mere politician we have arguments also\*. We may say that by the original formation of society, every man, willing to labour and conduct himself properly, has a right to have the means to live. And this is a right which, if withheld for a constancy, will necessarily be asserted in a manner from the very idea of which the heart revolts. No matter whence the mismanagement has arisen,—it is there. And that society never can be duly constituted in which, while some have great wealth, others die of need. The security of life and property is the foundation of all society; and accursed be that man who would do aught to infringe upon either. But they must *both* be looked to—and the first, first. The absolute security, to a farthing-coin, of the property of every man in the country we would put above every consideration, save one;—and that is the lives of our honest and industrious, but helpless fellow-creatures. If such as be of good conduct, and would work for their bread, cannot get work, some means must be found that they shall not absolutely perish. No society can long exist without *that* condition, and God forbid that it should!

We will now go through Lord Palmerston's arguments one by one. We will express no belief, for, indeed, we have not been able, from the language *as it stands in the Report*, very accurately to form any; as to whether his Lordship adopts the opinions in aggravation of which, if we may so speak, he brings forward the poor-laws. “The people of Ireland have been reproached with being an improvident people,” says Lord Palmerston, and, without stating whether or not he thinks the reproach just, he adds, that the poor-laws would make them more so. We deny the premises, and we dissent from the inference. We do not believe that the Irish are an improvident people. They have (of course we speak of those who would come under the operation of the poor-laws,) most miserably little to be provident of,—but in the few instances in which it is possible for them to be so we think they generally are. There is one great era in the year of the poor Irish, in which it is certain that the great majority of them do display both self denial and fore-thought—we allude to their coming to the hay and corn harvest in England. Nearly every man who has a family brings home the bulk of his earnings to carry them through the winter. This does not look like improvidence. Neither do we think that the poor-laws would increase that most self-punishing fault: for, if those laws were duly framed,—as they might, and we hope they would be,—we think they would tend to give a regularity of conduct that would prepare the pauper to be steady, as a workman,

\* We earnestly beg we may not be considered as desiring to exclude Lord Palmerston from the former class. Our belief is, that his Lordship has been led by generalization of reasoning, to overlook these facts and their application. We could not, if we would, which is most far, indeed, from our desire, impute badness of heart to his Lordship in a speech, the very next portion of which displays, as we shall presently see, the best feelings of humanity. Still we must be permitted to support, as strongly as we can, our belief of the fallacy of his arguments on this point.

and careful, as the head of a family, should the amelioration arising from other measures throw free employment within his reach.

Next, Lord Palmerston says that Ireland is over-peopled, and that the poor-laws would make it more so. That the population is excessive as at present arranged there can be no doubt—and perhaps, though of this we are by no means convinced, it may be so numerically. But we have the greatest faith in the plans that have received the approbation of people of all parties, with regard to the great uncultivated districts of available land in Ireland itself. We think these might be of the utmost assistance to the poor-law system at starting. In Holland, the pauper colonies no longer deserve the name. At the worst, there is the melancholy resource of emigration—which might, should it be strictly necessary, but which, to any extent, we hope and believe it would not, be used by the government to reduce the “redundancy” of the population. As to the poor-laws encreasing it, we think that, under proper regulation, they would in no degree make early marriages (which of course is the cause aimed at) *more* frequent than they are. On the contrary, we believe that the *certainly of not starving*, which the poor-laws would introduce, would go far to check that recklessness which now leads the peasants to intermarry under the feeling—“We cannot be worse off married than single.” And, certainly, if any general system of internal colonization—if we may be allowed the phrase—were to be adopted, we are confident that the gradual encrease of decent comforts would tend to check improvident marriages. This, we believe, is an axiom subscribed to by political economists of all classes. *Now*, they marry in despair—“Why wait?—we shall never be better.”—*Then*, a man would have, not only his own good feelings, but numberless obstacles from the girl’s parents, to prevent his taking her from a comfortable home, unless he were able to maintain her fairly. They would not then despair—and they would wait; and thus, marrying less early, the population would encrease less fast. These ideas are not visionary—for they are founded upon a recognized principle, which would apply in Ireland as elsewhere.

Last, “the poor of Ireland are said to be an indolent and degraded class of men.” Indolent!—What, in the name of injustice, will come next? Indolent!!—Ask the English labourer—ask the men who are complaining to the Lord Mayor of being *undersold* by the immigrant Irish in their work. The Irish work all day, for that which the English won’t take—because they say it cannot support life. The Irishman takes it, and works on, and starves by degrees. The Englishman will do no such thing, and wisely—he has a parish to go to—and he goes. The Irishman has none—and thus is the price of English labour undersold—the labourer suffers for it in the first instance, and the parishes at last. *They* will petition soon for poor-laws in Ireland.

The poor class of Irish are indolent, are they? When they can’t find employment at home, don’t they come hither in crowds *to work*?—They know they will not be supported gratis in England;—this does not look like indolence. Nay, take them in their own country.—We do not believe that there exists the resident Irish country gentleman, be his politics what they may, who would lay his hand upon his heart and say that the lower Irish were other than a hard-working race of people.



As for the poor-laws making them less so, then they are not the poor-laws that we hope to see introduced. Industry should be a necessary condition of relief: except in sickness—and who would begrudge the *Sick Poor* relief?

As for the lower Irish being “degraded”—one cannot expect any great things from people in so wretched a state—but we are most far from thinking they deserve so harsh an epithet.—We believe them to be quite as honest as the English—nay, we incline to think more so: we have not a return at hand to refer to, but we are sure that the convictions for theft are not so many, in proportion, as in England. But they have one quality which cannot, we think, co-exist with their being really *degraded*.—We allude to that mutual charity—that active, efficient, self-denying kindness to each other, by which they are so remarkably distinguished. There is not a cabin in Ireland where a miserable pot of potatoes is contrived to be boiled, that the beggar would not have a share, and a night’s shelter in the hut! Those who have next to nothing, give of that to those who have actually nothing. Every one who knows Ireland, must be aware how true this is. But there are many who know nothing of Ireland, and we must, in mere justice to people who are called degraded, quote just two facts from our correspondent of last year. In despite of all their harassing poverty, “yet have they warmer feelings of relationship than any other people. I have found what might even be termed sentimental delicacy of feeling, amongst those who have only not been reduced to the last stage of living by ‘begging their bit.’ I have known the wife hide her illness and suffering from her husband, ‘that he might not fret,’ or spend his money in trying to get her bread, when she was unable to swallow potatoes. I have known them give up the likelihood of permanent employment in a distant part of the country, in order to stay and watch the last years of their helpless parents—as my poor woman at Balrothery said to me, ‘Sure I would not leave my mother, if the paving stones of the road were made of silver.’”

These may appear but simple tales to some—but we hope that most will think that people who feel thus are not yet “degraded.” But this practice of mutual help extends beyond the ties of blood. We have long thought that one individual fact makes more impression than a mass of generalization:—we shall, therefore, make no apology—those whom we hope to carry with us we are sure will need none—for relating the following anecdote from our own stock. We will only premise that we take it from a private letter of the writer of that of last year to which we have referred so often; and we beg that it may be borne in mind that the family which afforded the charity is identical with that of which the reader has seen a picture, under the name of Donough in page 313! The present occurrence took place in the beginning of last January—therefore, in the depth of winter:—“I don’t know whether you recollect Mary Donough; but I think you have heard me speak of her and her husband’s poverty. They live in a cabin consisting of one small room, so small that there is but just space for the door to open against the fire-place; and, at the other side of the fire, there is the miserable straw, confined between a board and the wall, on the clay floor, which is their bed. I don’t think it is made

into a pallet; but if it is, it is equally one of the most wretched beds, and their only one. Into this habitation, Mary received for charity, a poor old woman, a stranger, but who occasionally comes about here, and passes a week or ten days at the different farmers' houses, working at her needle for her food, when any job can be had. She gave her a night's shelter, 'for God's sake,' on Saturday. Sunday, the woman did not chuse to travel; and on Monday she complained of being ill—pain in her chest, and difficulty of breathing—Mary did what she could for her: the old woman had been in a hospital in Dublin, was sickly, but Mary had no idea she was so ill, for on Thursday she died, while Mary was eating her dinner close beside her. She complained of great pain, and begged she would warm a trencher and put it on her stomach. Mary did so, and the poor woman died so quietly, the trencher remained on her, and the children around were eating their potatoes when she breathed her last. The neighbours sent poor Mary some candles, to *wake* her, and some linen to bury her in: and there is some parish provision for a coffin, as she went to Mr. ———, (the clergyman,) for an order for one;—but he was out—and therefore she was obliged to *wake* the corpse a second night—and for those two nights, neither she nor her children were able to take off their clothes. She told it me to account for a severe cold one of them had. She said they scarcely knew where to put themselves 'in so small a place when the poor woman had the luck to die with them.' And the children are so afraid if she leaves them after dusk, they say they see the old woman on the bed, for it is so small a place she had no where else to lay her.—Is not this a picture of poverty?—The poor woman wandering about,—she was from Wexford\*—dying with such patience in a stranger's hovel—and Mary and her children sharing their only bed for charity, and giving it up to a corpse! Though it were better, perhaps, that the living should occupy the bed than the dead who would not shrink from the cold, yet, with the ideas of the Irish on these subjects, this was as honourable to her feelings as the rest."

To be sure it was—and noble were her feelings altogether. We have left this letter as it was written to an intimate friend without the most remote idea of publication.—We have suppressed none of the details—for, given as they are under the warm impulse of the recency of the occurrence, we think they present a picture which must touch every one who has a heart—a picture not only of poverty, but of that most beautiful and blessed virtue, the Charity of the Poor to one another! And when we confidently assert that this feeling and its practice are general in Ireland, are these people, we ask, to be branded with the appellation of "a degraded class of men"?

It is to alleviate poverty such as we have described,—to prevent those who are willing to work,—those who do work,—dying of necessity, that it is wished by many that the poor-laws should be introduced into Ireland. We are convinced, that if a fitting body of members of the House of Commons were to be formed into a committee to frame an adaptation of the poor-laws to Ireland, they would be able to produce a system that

\* This was in the northern part of the county of Dublin—considerably above a hundred miles from the nearest part of Wexford.—Ed.



would embrace all the benefits, and be nearly free from the drawbacks of those in England. There would be no existing interests or prejudices to consult or humour. In Ireland there is plain ground to work upon,—and we have no sort of doubt, that the measure, properly framed, would be nothing short of a blessing to that suffering country. There *are* members of the House of Commons, who, we are sure, could, by uniting, produce a bill thoroughly effective. The union of high general intellect—of practical sense—of experience as to the poor-laws here, and of local knowledge with respect to Ireland, that might be brought together within the compass of a committee, could not fail to do the work effectually. Ardently do we desire that some influential member would bring this question forward, when the Emancipation-bill is passed; and take means that materials should be collected and digested, so that early in the next session, Emancipation having provided for the Peace of Ireland, the first stone of her Prosperity should be thus laid. We doubt not that a measure on this principle *must* be adopted ere long;—we cannot, therefore, but hope most strongly that no untoward differences may arise to retard it\*.

The remainder of Lord Palmerston's speech is strikingly in contrast with that portion of it on which we have been commenting. It is a very vivid out-burst of indignation against the idea of settling the Catholic question by a civil war. We beg our readers not to attribute to us a collocation of words which seems like a jest. On such a subject we should consider jesting nothing short of an indecency. But some of the more violent anti-Catholics, who, if not insane on this subject, must be something worse, have really done nothing short of putting the adoption of a civil war forward as a serious proposition—that is, if they know the meaning of their own words. But we think Lord Palmerston quite wrong in attributing any thing like this to Mr. Sadler. He seems to us to have totally mistaken the passage of that gentleman's speech upon which he founds his attack. Mr. Sadler alludes to the difference of the conduct of government towards the "demagogues" who had influenced the minds of the distressed manufacturers in this country, ten and twelve years ago, and with regard to the "agitators" lately in Ireland. But Mr. Sadler clearly refers to legal, not military, proceedings. We have no knowledge whatever of that gentleman; but we are convinced, from the whole tone of his speech, that he is one of the very last who would join in the hideous cry of—"civil war." He wishes to feed the poor Irish,—not to bayonet and shoot them.

Still, Lord Palmerston's sense of disgust and indignation against civil war is very forcibly and eloquently given. A little less generalization, perhaps—one or two brief pictures of facts, given in a few graphic words—might have brought still more strongly home, the miseries and horrors of that awful state. But probably this was not

\* We shall recur to this subject, and discuss it individually. Where so much human life, to say nothing of human happiness, is at stake, a little attention may well be given by ourselves, and fairly asked from our readers. We shall notice Mr. Sadler's work on Ireland. By the way, we are glad to see this gentleman in parliament, as we are to see all men there, who apply strong sense to humane purposes. We regret, however, that his return was at the expense of Mr. Serjeant Wilde's;—but that gentleman's talents, and the degree to which they are popularly known, must be sufficient to ensure his coming, as he ought, into parliament, ere long.

easy in a brilliant peroration like Lord Palmerston's;—for it really was such. We could wish, however, that in every case in which *War* is lightly mentioned, some member would, in the spirit which Lord Palmerston displayed last night, recall to the house *what it really is*. Our country has not been the seat of war for ages,—we know not what *that is*,—we should be told, and often. But, CIVIL WAR!!—Gracious heaven! and can this be really talked of as a *possible* alternative? There are many living who were in the midst of the conflict in Ireland in 1798. Let them tell a simple story of what then took place, on both sides; and we shall hear no more of civil war. We thank Lord Palmerston much, for the sense of indignation he raised in the house on the subject.

It was fortunate that Lord Milton spoke for a short time before the Attorney-General rose;—for the contrast which that learned gentleman's exhibition must have afforded to the termination of Lord Palmerston's speech, would, without some intervention, have been rather *too* violent. It is quite beside our purpose to enter into the very incomprehensible tirade of the learned member;—more especially as we are eager to give expression to what we feel concerning Mr. Peel's speech, which immediately followed the Attorney-General's, and closed the debate.

We think it, indeed, quite impossible to read the speech delivered by Mr. Peel last night, without feelings of the highest individual admiration and respect for that gentleman. We are certain that all the sensible and respectable members of the anti-Catholic party must feel that the personal obloquy thrown upon Mr. Peel, since the meeting of Parliament, is undeserved;—for no one but a man of high honour and of excellent feeling, could have spoken as he did last night.

We confess, we fully shared in the general surprise excited by Mr. Peel's change of measures as regarded the Catholic question,—but we never shared in the least in the belief so industriously propagated, that he was actuated by the narrow desire of retaining the power arising from the possession of office. It has been our fortune to be opposed in opinion to Mr. Peel in the far greater part of his political conduct,—but we never, at any period, saw the least reason to entertain for him any tinge, even, of personal disrespect; whereas we cannot at this moment find words strong enough to express the degree of scorn which every honest mind must feel, at a man who would act against his conscience on such a subject as the Catholic question, from the desire to retain office! Mr. Peel has before now, without an instant's hesitation, resigned office,—and on the score of principle;—for he must have felt that his junction with Mr. Canning would have brought with it to that administration the very parliamentary strength it needed, and have made it thoroughly secure.

But, in the present instance, all the enticements of ambition lay the other way. Except *mere, mere* office, every thing calculated to attract a public man lay in the path upon which Mr. Peel turned his back. He must have felt—from every circumstance he is the man who could best appreciate—the *power*, to say nothing of the other attributes of the position, which would have been his as leader of the Anti-Catholics of England at this moment. *This* would have spared him the annoy-



ance which he must have felt at the public announcement of departure from a long-pursued course of conduct, even supposing it not to be a change of a long-held system of opinion;—*this* would have saved him from reproaches which must have been painful from those who formerly fought by his side, to say nothing of the flood of filthy malice which the line he did pursue was sure to call forth; but which a man of Mr. Peel's strength of mind cannot but despise.—Above all, *this* would have needed none of those sacrifices to which he alludes last night with so much tenderness of expression,—“the abandonment of personal friends, and the rupture of many of the tenderest ties.”

On the contrary, his joining the anti-Catholic party would have placed him on a higher eminence than was ever, probably, reached by any individual, not a minister, in this country. Grattan, in Ireland, in 1782, held a somewhat similar, and what of course *we* should consider, a far prouder, position. But setting, naturally, aside the direct contrast of principle, and avoiding all personal comparison, there is another striking difference to notice,—namely, with regard to the party-dictator of the time. Grattan, pre-eminent as he was, was not the only great name of his party. Where are we to look for the Charlemont, where for the Flood, of our Anti-Catholics? Take Lord Charlemont alone. Can the No-Popery benches of the House of Lords produce any one who, in general intellect, public knowledge, and public virtue conjoined, is fit to be named with Lord Charlemont\*? No.—Mr. Peel would, in truth, have been *κατ' ἐξοχήν* the ruler, the unquestioned, omnipotent head of the anti-Catholic party. His very adhering to it would have given it an unity, a weight, a condensed and active strength, which they now so lamentably want. Active, certainly, they are; but their present furious fidgets no more resemble the steady, combined, effective activity Mr. Peel would have given them, than do the fantastic gambols of the equestrians at Astley's a charge of a squadron of the Blues. The more moderate of the party, instead of suffering under sometimes shame and sometimes disgust, at the now absurd, and now furious, conduct of their most prominent brethren, would have had a chief whom they could name with respect, and who would, moreover, have been the recognized organ of a fitting opposition to government, maturing the mode of proceeding, and preventing the outbreaks which must give so much pain to the more reasonable. No one has been found among them able to do this, not even Lord Eldon, the only *name* of any eminence they can throw in our teeth.

Mr. Peel had thus every motive to join, and of course, joining, to head, the Brunswickers, save one—Principle. He repeats, in a declaration, into which he was forced last night, by some irregular disclosures made by the Attorney-General in the course of his most singular exhibition, that it was originally his intention to have left office, but still to have supported the present measure: “In answer to the imputations upon myself, I repeat what I said on a former

\* Lord Eldon, we suppose; very well. Take the three items into consideration, and we fear the ex-Chancellor would weigh but lightly. His friends even have scarcely ever attributed to him an expanded mind or any statesman-like knowledge of the interests of the country.

occasion, that up to a late period, I did entertain a hope that my noble friend would have enabled me to give him my support, that cordial support which I would have given him in a private capacity. Instead of incurring the charge of apostacy, I was ready, I was desirous to relinquish office; but, having been ready to pay that penalty, no man has a right to say, that in the advice I gave the King I meant to conform to the views of any party. I will tell the honourable and learned gentleman when it was I said to my noble friend, "I will not abandon you, I will commit my fortunes with yours; and be the consequences what they may, I am ready to incur them and to share them." This was at a period when even greater difficulties appeared to obstruct our course than now I hope and believe will impede it. It was upon the day when it was intimated to my noble friend by the highest authorities in the church, that they could not countenance and support his measures. I then said, "Happen what may, I will not abandon my post—I will support you." [much cheering]."

Nobly does Mr. Peel add—"I was content to incur all the imputations which I then could easily foresee." He then continues to observe upon what the Attorney-General had said relating to their intercourse with respect to the bill, with facts, and in a tone, which must have satisfied every member of the House, except probably one, of the immeasurable distance that exists between the two individuals whose conduct was the subject of discussion. He totally overthrows the complaints of the Attorney-General for having been left in the dark so long. He says, what must be clear to every man of sense, that it was a very complicated question; that it had occupied the cabinet for weeks; and that till the cabinet had agreed, it would have been the height of imprudence to have said a word on the subject, to any one not a member of it. This totally contradicts the facetious assertion of the Attorney-General, that "no member of the cabinet" knew any thing of the matter till he did! Mr. Peel then says, that the Attorney-General was the very first man out of the cabinet to whom he spoke on the subject, and that he did so the moment he was at liberty to speak, which was not until the date stated by Sir Charles Wetherell, namely, seven days before the meeting of the Parliament. He must have known the causes which delayed the communication as well as the fact of the delay; but he did not state them. It is exceedingly amusing to find, after all the ravings of the learned member against the atrocities and horrors of the bill, that he received Mr. Peel's details of the measures contemplated, and the reasons for adopting them, with the utmost composure, and scarcely any objection. Listen to Mr. Peel's uncontradicted statement—"I must observe, that if he really then entertained the horror at this atrocious proceeding which he has to-night expressed, I never saw a man who possessed such control over his countenance [cheers and laughter.] If the honourable and learned gentleman thought that what was designed presented such insuperable objections, and that the Coronation Oath absolutely precluded even the consideration of the question, would it not have been fair that he should have warned me, his friend, that such was his opinion? Might I not expect that he would say at once, 'You are pursuing a course replete with ruin, in



which I, the Attorney-General, cannot assist you, and from the sanction of which His Majesty is precluded by the sacred obligation of an oath?" He will do me the justice to say, that not one word of so fatal an objection did I hear from him when I made the communication to which I have referred."—We wonder whether the right honourable and learned member had *ear* enough—it would not need a nice one—to distinguish between the *tone* in which the "cheers and laughter" that are reported to have been excited by certain passages in each speech, must have been delivered.

We have not space to give Mr. Peel's observations on the state of Ireland: we wish every anti-Catholic would read it; and if they can do it without shuddering, we envy their nerves. We must, however, give the conclusion of the speech; which we do almost as a debt of justice to Mr. Peel; for we confess we have once or twice rather been inclined to agree with certain taunts about his having been somewhat over-tacit under praise for measures not too strictly his due. He is determined the same feeling shall not arise on this score:—

I wish, before I conclude, to say one parting word to the Honourable Member for Donegal (Lord Mountcharles), and other Honourable Members who have awarded me a credit with respect to this question which I do not deserve. Sir, the credit of accomplishing this object is due to Mr. Fox, to Mr. Grattan, to Mr. Plunkett, and to the Honourable Gentlemen opposite; and to an illustrious and Right Honourable Friend of mine, who is now no more. No credit is due to me for advancing this Question, but that which may be awarded me for abandoning a fruitless opposition. I will not conceal from the house that in the course of this debate, allusions have been made to the memory of my Right Honourable Friend, now no more, which have been most painful to my feelings. An Honourable Baronet has spoken of the cruel manner in which my Right Honourable Friend was hunted down. Whether the Honourable Baronet was one of those who hunted him down, I know not; but this I do know, that whoever joined in the inhuman cry which was raised against him, I was not one. (Cheers.) I was on terms of the most friendly intimacy with that illustrious statesman down even to the day of his death; and I say with as much sincerity of heart as man can speak, that I wish he was now alive among us to reap the harvest which he sowed, and to enjoy the triumph which his exertions gained. I would say of him, as he said in his own eloquent language of the late Mr. Perceval—"Would that he were here to take part in our debates."

"*Tuque tuis armis: nos te poteremur, Achille.*"

(*Loud cheering.*)

We conclude, with regard to this speech of Mr. Peel's, as we began. If any man, not irretrievably warped by party feeling, will take the trouble to read it, especially if it be reported in the first person,—we think, whatever his political ideas may be, he cannot lay down the paper without coming to the conclusion, that Mr. Peel is a most upright and generous statesman, a highly effective and able speaker, and a most honourable and amiable man. Heaven knows we have had no predilections to lead us to this belief!

We are now writing at the end of the month, and we rejoice at the intelligence of the manner in which the raising the franchise has been received in Ireland. The Catholic clergy have declared to a man

against any remonstrance being made, and the freeholders have submitted most cheerfully. The readiness on both sides has been peculiarly manifest in *Clare*!—we shall ever respect that body of clergy: they encouraged their flocks to vote for what they regarded the true cause, but they restrained them from violence and excess. And they now make a great sacrifice without one murmur, because they feel it is for the general good. When we know, not only that the Catholic Relief Bill would never pass without this stipulation, but that it has gained the most respectable of the converts to concession, we may well estimate it a cheap price for Tranquillity to Ireland. All her hopes must rest on *that*!

We were in hopes we should have no more to say upon “the one subject” for this month; but we must add a few words with regard to the petitions presented to both houses last night (26th). It is somewhat in consonance with the character of the petitions, in general, against the Catholic claims, and especially with that of the origin of the great majority, that the petition presented by Lord Eldon, from what his Lordship chooses to call *the* Inhabitant Householders of London and Westminster, sprang from that abortive and ludicrous meeting at the Crown and Anchor, at which, it may be recollected, such a person as Mr. Hunt was able to turn the whole thing into ridicule by moving a farcical amendment, which was carried by an immense majority. This Lord Eldon calls “perverting the object of the meeting”—the totally unknown leaders of which accordingly circulate their petition for signature, which purports to be signed by 113,000 persons—the odd thirteen of which Lord Eldon agrees to knock off as bad votes. This result in itself proves the majority of the inhabitants of London and Westminster to be, to say the least, not opposed to the concessions—to say nothing of the gross improbability, considering the efforts used to gain signatures, that one-half of them are really the subscriptions of inhabitant householders. It should never be forgotten, also, that no stir has been made by the advocates of Emancipation—things are going on as they wish, and they have not made the slightest efforts to get up any petition at all. Those which have come from their side have been quite spontaneous, and almost needless.

But we wish to say a few words as to the means that have been used to agitate, excite, nay, to infuriate the people. Lord Eldon denies being a party to this, and, though some passages in his speeches are questionable, yet we do not wish to include him personally in the accusation. But we ask, without fear of the answer, has he, the recognized head of the anti-Catholic party, in any one instance, expressed even disapprobation, not to say indignation and disgust, at the hideous methods employed by his immediate adherents to excite the people to actual insurrection? Has he even said one word in blame of a letter, signed by one of the most prominent peers of his party, which contained expressions scarcely short of direct incitations to rebellion? Has he disclaimed, in the name of the body who regard him as their head—and many of whom must shudder at the proceedings to which we allude—the circulation of tracts and prints of



the most odious and despicable description? Inflammatory we were about to call them; but, thank God! they have not so proved. Lord Grey, in the House of Lords, and Mr. Denison, in the House of Commons, alluded to the circulation of hand-bills headed "Queen Mary's Days," printed by the Society for Circulating Religious Tracts! And do these people dare to call themselves Christians who thus promulgate writings, the only effect of which, if it produce any, must be *blood*—the blood of their own countrymen shed by each other? Mr. Denison says, that some of the leading members of the society named had stated to him that they had printed, but had not distributed, the bill—and that it was done with a religious not a political motive. What! did they print this scandalous paper to keep it locked up?—Motives of religion!—do they wish then for all the evil passions of a religious, to be added to those of a civil, war?—Shame, shame!

Lord Grey justly observes, that attempts to create agitation have been made for some time past, and these are the means! Prints displaying Protestants burned by Catholics—the days of Smithfield recalled in all their horrors. It is most highly to the credit of the Catholics that they have not been excited by these abominations to retaliate—for *it is historically false* that more Protestants were put to death by Catholics than Catholics by Protestants, in the violent days of the Reformation in England\*. But such are not the arguments of the advocates of Concession—they appeal to reason, not to the most furious and blindest passions. Thank heaven! these efforts have been of no avail—London is perfectly tranquil—the aspect of the streets is exactly as usual—the interest even the question excites seems to be much less than could have been expected. The ordinary indications of popular excitement are nowhere apparent. The appeals to popular violence have wholly failed, in despite of the unremitting activity with

\* This point of historical misrepresentation leads us to notice a pamphlet, in which a multitude of instances in support of the real state of the case are given. It is entitled, "A few Words in favour of our Roman Catholic Brethren," and is published in the form of "An Address to his Parishioners; by the Rev. Edward Stanley, M. A., Rector of Alderley." It is very long since we have met with a composition in every respect so admirable. It is couched in precisely the language in which a Christian minister should address his flock—kind, clear, simple, but without the least *affectation* of plainness—and the sentiments are those which form the characteristics of the religion of CHARITY, in all the nobler sense of that most expressive word. The arguments are peculiarly becoming to the quarter from which they emanate, and the subject to which they are applied—being equally distinguished for their force in themselves, and the beautiful calmness with which they are brought forward. In what we have said above, we chiefly alluded to the executions of Catholics in Henry VIII.'s reign, beginning with those of Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More;—but Mr. Stanley produces, and in the most unostentatious manner, a crowd of historical facts, of all periods, down to our own time, bearing upon the praise-worthy conduct of the Catholics, in answer to the uncharitable misconstructions and slanders to which they have been subjected. We cannot conclude without expressing our delight that there *are* clergymen who write thus—a pamphlet more befitting a minister of the gospel of peace and good-will cannot be conceived. We recommend it to all our readers, and we rejoice to hear that its circulation has been remarkable. It is a subject for which to be grateful that there still are members of our church who remember that Peace-making is its distinguishing property: Arghout Wrangham has just published a pamphlet in this spirit; the same spirit breathes *hither*; a beautiful quotation, in Mr. Stanley's pamphlet, from a sermon by the Bishop, excellent and truly does it pervade the characteristic speech of his brother, the amiable Bishop of Winchester.

which they have been urged. The tranquillity is entirely due to the good sense of the people, not to the conduct of the leading anti-Catholics. We confess we should not envy Lord Eldon his feelings if these efforts had resulted in a repetition of the outrages of 1780—to which their tendency was direct. The silence of such a man, while his adherents were publicly and privately pursuing such measures, could not be construed otherwise than as approbation. This we do not, we cannot, believe that Lord Eldon felt. We regard him to be a just and humane man, and we hope he will yet exercise the qualities of justice and humanity by a distinct expression of abhorrence of the proceedings of which we have spoken. He knows the weight such a declaration would carry with it.

It is with feelings of great relief that we turn to the petition presented to the House of Commons by Sir James Macintosh, with almost every name distinguished in any branch of eminence in Scotland signed beneath it. Sir James, in the very beautiful, amiable, and at the same time statesman-like, speech with which he introduces the petition, states that it emanates from four-fifths of "the respectable classes of the community of the ancient capital of the most Protestant part of this Protestant empire." He then proceeds to shew that the signatures, generally (amounting to 8000 each, with a place of abode attached, and received under the severest possible scrutiny) are from the vast majority of those classes in which intelligence is to be looked for. All the professions,—including the clergy,—the landed proprietors, the chief merchants, the respectable shop-keepers—have declared in favour of Emancipation—and these without distinction of Whig and Tory. In a word, the sense of the mass of the intelligence of Scotland is conveyed by this most satisfactory document. Such are the petitions in favour of Religious and Civil Liberty\*! It is remarkable, as Sir James Macintosh states, that the first name in British science, as well as the first name in British literature, has placed itself on record in support of Emancipation. He alludes to the touching letter to that effect written by Sir Humphry Davy from his bed of sickness—we trust not of death—from Rome. Sir James introduces this in allusion to the fact of the first signature to the requisition for the meeting, and almost the first to the petition, being that of the other celebrated individual of whom we have just spoken. We cannot, indeed, better conclude an article on this subject, in a Journal devoted to literature as well as to public matters, than by quoting the admirable passage in which the distinguished presenter of the petition makes that statement to the House:—

"I take the liberty of remarking, that the petition contains no common names. At the head of the requisitionists for the meeting, and nearly at the head of the signatures to the petition, is the name of the most celebrated writer in the world—of a writer, who has given more

We are the farthest in the world from undervaluing the petitions of the people. But we do not regard those presented at all to speak the general sense of the people. The extraordinary exertions have been used on the one side, none at all on the other, and we are so confident, indeed, that the majority of the adult people of the three kingdoms are in favour of Emancipation, that we would willingly stake the success of the question upon being polled, man by man.



delight to a greater number of human beings, in a shorter space of time, than, I will venture to say, any author who has preceded him could ever boast of having communicated. What is more pertinent to the subject before the House, he is a man, to the full, as much above the common standard in sense and rectitude of judgment as in other more conspicuous, but not more valuable, qualities. I need not add that this illustrious name is that of Sir Walter Scott."

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THE REV. THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D.

PROFESSOR OF DIVINITY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

[THE brilliant speech made at the late Edinburgh meeting by this powerful and truly philosophic divine, renders the publication of the following notice of him, by a gentleman who has known him long and intimately, peculiarly seasonable. This notice does not trench upon the ground which we took in our Magazine for October last, in offering a general delineation of the peculiar powers of Chalmers as a minister. The following paper has more of the anecdotal parts of a biography about it. The writer has known the great divine in his "social hour;" but he has not sat under his hospitable roof to abuse the confidence of hospitality.—*Ed.*]

Whether we consider the intellectual powers of Dr. Chalmers, the number and variety of the subjects to which they have been turned, or the success which he has had in all of them, we cannot help classing him with the most extraordinary men that ever lived; and both the fame that he has obtained, and the solid basis on which that fame rests, are his own. Not that he is a self-educated man in the vulgar meaning of the term, for he attended a regular course of literature, science, and divinity, at the College of St. Andrew's; but then his acquirements are so different, both in extent and in kind, not only from those which are usually carried away from such places by students, but from any that are usually found among professors and lecturers, that what he learned at college must be considered as but a small portion of his acquirements. In making those great powers the instruments of winning, not ordinary popularity, but celebrity,—a name which is known every where, and which is dear to men of all creeds,—Dr. Chalmers has never been in the least indebted to what is termed fortune. He never had the popularity of the multitude; and, during the greater part of his stay at Kilmeny, in Fife, where the foundation of his fame was laid, those who affect to run after what they call popular and powerful preachers shunned him, and even presumed to despise him. We have heard some of his best sermons preached, not to pews altogether empty, but to pews certainly not half-filled. The few, however, always admired him; and, though the mass of the people were indifferent, there were always some present, whose approbation was more dear to the young divine than the most tumultuous applause of the crowd. There were fre-

quently about him young men of his own age, some of whom had been the play-mates of his infancy, and others his class-fellows at college, and all of them, like himself, devoted to literature and science. Though it made little or no noise at the time, there have, probably, been few associations so limited in number, so totally without pedantry or system, and so avowedly made for the mere purposes of glee and hilarity, as that which existed, with some occasional changes, at the manse of Kilmeny, during the first ten years of the present century; and we could point out many works, both literary and scientific, that never would have existed but for the excitement and play of mind which were called forth there.

Dr. Chalmers was born (about fifty years ago) in the small borough of Austruther-Wester, in the county of Fife. That borough and the neighbouring one of Austruther-Easter have always had a soul of literature. The Doctor's father was a clothier and draper; a man of the most exemplary piety, of well-informed mind, great liberality of sentiment, and the most delightful manners. He had many sons and daughters, the greater part of whom have fallen victims to disease, at the most promising period of life; and he had to sustain one of the most painful family afflictions to which man can be subjected. But still he was resigned, cheerful, and even playful, and shewed that the most punctual attendance to the duties of religion (for there was religious worship in his family every morning and evening,) instead of damping the pleasure of social intercourse, imparts to it its highest zest. We have deemed it proper to state this circumstance (which we do from the very delightful recollection of our personal knowledge) in order that we may be spared the formal refutation of a calumny which has sometimes been brought against Dr. Chalmers both by the unthinking part of the public, and by those pseudo-religionists who can find no Christianity but in a mysterious and miraculous conversion,—the class of persons whom Chalmers used so well to characterize as "gossiping malignants." Those persons have said that Chalmers was at one time a sceptic, and that he was converted in we know not what wonderful manner. Now, apart from our personal knowledge that such is not the fact, we appeal to the understanding of any unbiassed reader, whether one who had been instructed in his early years by the precepts and the example of such a father, and who continued with him in all the reciprocal affection of a loved and a loving man, could have been a sceptic on those great doctrines of which he witnessed such delightful effects. To have done so he must have been equally destitute of discernment and feeling,—qualities without which no man ever was, or ever can be, the tithe of a Dr. Chalmers.

From his earliest years Dr. Chalmers was enthusiastically fond of reading, so that when a little boy in the chimney-corner with his book, he got the name of "the minister," not from any view to his future profession, but from his delight being in books. At the same time he was a most active and energetic boy, and when he did enter into sports he took the lead. In very early life indeed, that restless activity of mind, and that determination to seize and to master all subjects, even the most contrary, which has enabled him to do so



much more than almost any other man of his time, were abundantly conspicuous. His progress at school was rapid; he went early to college, and, while but a youth, he did the duty of mathematical professor. Though above the average, his attainments in classical literature were not very great. The bent of his mind lay more towards subjects of which the practical application was more obvious. He was a mathematician, a natural philosopher, and, though there was no regular professor of that science at St. Andrew's, a chemist.

About the close of the last century he was admitted to orders, and soon after went to assist the Rev. Dr. Charteries, a venerable and eminent preacher near the border. Some years after this the College of St. Andrew's appointed him to the church of Kilmeny, where he set about the discharge of his duties with great energy; but he was not very popular at the outset. This arose, in part, from the want of mental correspondence between the inhabitants of a country parish and a man of so much energy as their pastor, and partly from that very energy itself. He had the utmost dislike of gossiping, cared not much for forms of rustic politeness, and could not find half occupation for his time in his parochial labours. Accordingly, he took to a number of other avocations: he lectured in the different towns on chemistry and other subjects; he became an officer of a volunteer corps, and he wrote a book on the resources of the country, besides pamphlets on some of the topics of the day; and when the Edinburgh Encyclopedia was projected, he was invited to be a contributor, and engaged to furnish the article "Christianity;" which he afterwards completed with so much ability. These supplemental avocations had nothing improper in them; and yet they were not usual among the Doctor's professional brethren, who generally filled up the intervals of their time in visiting and conversations; but the event has shewn that, instead of the mental activity which Chalmers thus kept up being injurious to the very highest theological powers, they have been the chief means of the development of them. And, though there be not much merit in publishing a prophecy after the event, it was in these very causes of want of village popularity, that the friends of Dr. Chalmers placed their new hopes of the eminence to which he would rise.

Even then, he was a most wonderful man. All life and energy, he was here, there, and everywhere, both bodily and mentally. Mathematics, botany, conchology, astronomy, politics, political economy, theology, polemics,—he was at them all; and yet his most intimate friends hardly knew when he studied. Indeed the whole of his progress seemed more like the inspiration of heaven, than that of any other man that we ever knew or heard of. Mention a new subject to him, with which you had made yourself familiar, and a week after he would beat you upon it; the cause seemed to be this: he did not plod over books, and become the retailer of recorded opinions. He thought himself, set every one with whom he met thinking, and then generalized the whole. We have often been quite astonished at the quantity of information which we had acquired during a few hours' conversation with Chalmers, upon a subject of which neither of us knew much at the outset.

As a friend, his attachment and disinterestedness were unbounded;

but he had a great dislike to forms; and though he was very hospitable, his friends very often found him with an empty larder. One day three or four friends called on him; he was just setting out for Edinburgh, but insisted on their dining with him, which was readily agreed to. After giving old Effie (Euphemia) who was the whole of his establishment, her orders, they all sat down to that combination of information and glee, which shortens time most, by actually lengthening it in pleasure and utility. Dinner was soon announced; and two large covered dishes, with a smoking plate of potatoes between, appeared on the table. "Gentlemen," said Chalmers, "under this cover there is hard fish from Dundee, and under that cover there is hard fish from St. Andrew's; take your choice." We have been at many and various feasts, but we have seldom enjoyed an evening like that one.

Sometimes there was not even hard fish, but still there was a resource. We have seen John Bouthron's "kail pot," broth, beef, and all, brought over to the manse—we have helped to bring it. John was a retired farmer, a very plain but very pleasant old man.

We mention these traits in the character of Dr. Chalmers, as a most effectual means of refuting and reproving those persons who maintain that formality of deportment is essential to eminence, more especially to clerical eminence,—as if dulness were the badge of intellect. Here was the the most effective preacher that the age has produced, as innocent certainly, but at the same time as playful as a child. Nor must it be supposed that he was not the same great man and great preacher then as now. Even in his every-day sermons, which he called "short handers," from their being written in short hand on a slip of paper about double the size of a playing card, there were chains of reasoning, and bursts of imagination and feeling, which we have seldom seen equalled, and never excelled. They were done in no time too; for after a morning's ramble among the rocks and woods in the north of Fife, we have seen him compose a whole sermon in half an hour—aye, in less. Some of his most choice orations were composed thus: as for instance, the matchless charity sermon from the text, "Blessed is he that *considereth* the poor,"—a sermon in which the line between genuine charity, and that ostentatious alms-giving which so often usurps its place, is more clearly marked than in any other composition with which we are acquainted. To mention the good ones would only be to give a list; there are degrees of excellence; but we never heard a sermon, or even a remark of Chalmers, in which there was not some indication of genius—some touch of the hand of a master.

We shall never forget the arch face of a jolly farmer, and the observation that he made to us upon leaving the church one Sunday. The sermon is throughout an argument for temperance; and if we mistake not, it was composed as a college exercise. The text was, "Look not on the wine when it is red in the cup; for it shall bite as a serpent and sting as an adder." The opening is a very glowing and graphic delineation of the seductions of bacchanalian indulgence; and it began with these words: "There is a pleasure, my brethren, in the progress of intoxication." As we were moving along the churchyard path, the farmer said, "I'm thinking the minister and you have been



taking a glass extra last night; for he gi'es the same account that I myself could have gi'en fifty times."

It was not in the nature of things that a man possessing such talents could remain in concealment. The people began to understand and relish his sermons; some speeches that he made in the General Assembly attracted the notice both of the clergy and of the Scottish barristers, many of whom attended the annual convocations of the kirk in the capacity of ruling elders. From these, and a number of other circumstances, the popularity of Dr. Chalmers was waxing apace, when about the year 1811 a severe and protracted malady had nearly put an end to all his labours. His constitution never had been of that confirmed strength which a mind of so restless energies would have required; and probably he had exposed himself to fatigue and the inclemency of the weather, in a way which one, who thought less about his mind and more about his body, would have avoided. He was attacked by a very severe and obstinate liver complaint, for the removal of which the administration of a great deal of mercury became necessary. The disease was subdued, but before his system had recovered the requisite tone, he resumed his labours; and having exposed himself to cold, the disease returned with more inveteracy and obstinacy than ever. So alarming was the relapse that his physician had to resort to the boldest means of treatment; and what with the disease, what with the means of cure, he presented for months a spectacle of physical exhaustion which we have seldom seen equalled; nor do we believe that any man of weaker mind could have survived it. In the agony of pain, in the exhaustion of nature, and almost in the absence of hope, the firmness and placidity, nay the cheerfulness of his temper never forsook him; and when we have sat by the side of his bed or his couch, in that gloomy mood which steals over one on such occasions, some bright saying, which came but in a half articulated whisper, has compelled us to laugh, at the same time that the undiminished force and lustre of his mind, amid a physical wreck so nearly total, afforded a very strong argument for mental immortality. We have seen Dr. Chalmers in many attitudes; in the glee of social enjoyment, in the sublimity of science, and in the terrible power of a Christian orator; but we are not sure that we ever saw him more truly in the character of a great man, than when, to all appearances, the scale of life was doubtful, and his friends were trembling for his fate. Since that time he has come more before the world, and commanded admiration from quarters which he then little thought of; but physically, he has never been the same man; and mentally, though his experience has been enlarged, his powers did not admit of enlargement.

It has been said, that certain fears which occurred in the course of this illness, led Dr. Chalmers to the study of religion, and produced some change in his opinions on that important subject. We were with him often, and we saw no sign of fear, even of the simple fear of death; we heard his opinions before the illness, and we heard them after: we knew no difference; and, therefore, we can see no foundation for what is alleged, the more so that the allegation originated with those who did not know Dr. Chalmers, then, or previously.

At the same time we do not deny, that there were circumstances

arising out of that illness, which tended both to increase the popularity of Dr. Chalmers, and to cause him to devote a greater portion of his time to the study of theology. The value of many things is found out only when we have been deprived of them; and this was, in a considerable degree, the case with the theological powers of Dr. Chalmers. When he was laid on his sick bed, the people found out that those by whom his place was supplied were far from being equal to him. This made them anxious to have him back again, and also disposed to pay more attention both to his ministry and to himself after he was so far recovered as to be able to discharge his duties. This was the cause of a great increase of local popularity.

Then as to theological study, there were several causes. The time in which he had to complete the article "Christianity" had been much shortened by his illness; and that led him to a closer course of reading, than would otherwise have been necessary. His bodily weakness confined him a good deal to the house, and prevented that range of occupations which he had followed in times of more physical vigour. The joint influence of these circumstances, though it produced no change upon the Doctor's principles, caused the public to view them in a different light; and those very persons who, when they did not hear Dr. Chalmers, imputed to him doctrines which they disliked, but which he never held, now that they thronged to attend him, imputed to him those favourite notions and prejudices of their own, to which he had just as little claim.

The grand feature in the theology of Dr. Chalmers, apart from his power as a practical divine, is his meeting the sceptic on grounds, and combating him with weapons, to which he cannot object. Instead of taking up what is called the *internal* evidence of Christianity, which is a matter of feeling and not of argument, he rests the whole upon the *external*, upon that which has the same evidence as any other fact; and the truth being demonstrated upon this basis, cannot be shaken. Now we know, that this was the mode in which he proposed to treat the subject, for we heard him mention it, a long time previous to his illness.

Not very long after his recovery, Dr. Chalmers married a lady whose maiden name was Pratt; with her he got a small addition to his fortune, and a great deal to the comforts of his home; in which there were no more double dishes of salt-fish, or borrowing of John Bouthron's "kail pot;" and as he had less occasion to go abroad for society, his health was soon, in a great measure, restored.

In a few years he was invited to St. John's Church, Glasgow, (which had just been built,) in a manner highly complimentary to his talents; and though many of his friends dissuaded him, from an idea that the labour would be too much for his bodily strength, and tried to persuade him that he would be more useful living in comparative literary ease at Kilmeny, he resolved, at all hazards, to go. The impression which he made at Glasgow was very great; and his fame soon spread over the whole country. When he visited London, the hold that he took on the minds of men was quite unprecedented. It was a time of strong political feeling; but even that was unheeded, and all parties thronged to hear the Scottish preacher. The very best judges were not prepared



for the display that they heard. Canning and Wilberforce went together; and got into a pew near the door. The elder in attendance stood close by the pew. Chalmers began in his usual unpromising way, by stating a few nearly self-evident propositions, neither in the choicest language, nor in the most impressive voice. "If this be all," said Canning to his companion, "it will never do." Chalmers went on: the shuffling of the congregation gradually subsided. He got into the mass of his subject; his weakness became strength; his hesitation was turned into energy; and, bringing the whole volume of his mind to bear upon it, he poured forth a torrent of the most close and conclusive argument, brilliant with all the exuberance of an imagination which ranged over all nature for illustrations, and yet managed and applied each of them with the same unerring dexterity, as if that single one had been the study of a whole life. "The tartan beats us," said Canning, "we have no preaching like that in England."

The measure of his pulpit celebrity was now full; and after about two years in Glasgow, during which he published several works, he was appointed to the chair of Moral Philosophy in St. Andrew's. Of his conduct there we are not informed; but we are inclined to think that the place was too confined for him. In Edinburgh his office is more important; and if his life be continued, he will do much to extend sound and liberal views among the Scottish clergy. Of his tolerance we have just had an example.

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### TOUJOURS PERDRIX.

We have all been occupied for a great many years in considering whether we ought to emancipate the Catholics from their disabilities. Let us at last begin to think whether it is not high time to emancipate ourselves from the discussion of them. My respectable and popish cousin, Arthur M'Carmick, inhabits a charming entresol in the Rue St. Honoré, where he copies Vernet and reads Delavigne, dreams of Pauline Latour, and spends six hundred a year in the greatest freedom imaginable: yet, because he is not yet entitled to frank letters and address the speaker's chair, Arthur M'Carmick wants to be emancipated. I, whom fate and a profession confine in my native country, am fettered by the thralldom, and haunted by the grievance, at every turn I take. In vain I fly from the doors of parliament, and make a circuit of five miles, to avoid the very echo of the County Meeting: my friend in the club, and my mistress in the ball-room, the ballad singer in the street, and the preacher in the pulpit, all combine to harass my nerves, and weary my forbearance: even Dr. Somnolent wakes occasionally after dinner, to indulge in a guttural murmur concerning martyrdom and the Real Presence; and Sir Roger, when the hounds are at fault, reins up at my side, and harks back to the revolution of 1688. Our very servants wear our prejudices as constantly as our cast off clothes, and our tradesmen offer us their theories more punctually than their bills. Not a week ago, my groom assured me that there was no reason to be alarmed, for the Pope lived a great way off; and my barber on the same day hinted, that he knew as much as most people, and that all he

knew was this, that if ever the Catholics were uppermost, they would play the old bear with the Church. I could not sleep that night for thinking of Ursa Major and the beast in the Revelations. Yet I, because I may put on a silk gown whenever it shall please his Majesty to adorn me in such radiant attire, and because, some twenty years hence, I may have hope to be in the great council of the nation, the mouth-piece of some two or three dozen of independent individuals,—I, forsooth, am to petition for no emancipation.

There are persons who cannot bear the uninterrupted ticking of a pendulum in their chamber. The sustained converse of a wife vexes many. I have heard of a prisoner who was driven mad by the continued plashing of water against the wall of his cell. Such things are lively illustrations of the disquiet I endure. It is not that I am thwarted in an argument or beat on a division: it is not that I have a horror of innovation or a hatred of intolerance: you are welcome to trample upon my opinions if you will not tread upon my toes. I will waltz with any fair Whig who has a tolerable ear and a pretty figure, and I will gladly dine with any septuagenarian Tory who is liberal in his culinary system and puts no restrictions upon his cellar. The Question kills me; no matter in what garb or under what banner it come. Brunswick and Liberator, reasoner and declaimer, song and speech, pamphlet and sermon,—I hate them all.

Look at that handsome young man who is so pleasantly settling himself at his table at the 'Travellers'. He spends two hours daily upon his curls, and the rings on his fingers would make manacles for a burglar: surely he has no leisure for the affairs of the nation. The waiter has just disclosed to his view the *anguilles en matelotte*, and the steward is setting down beside him the pint of *Johannisberg*. And he only arrived yesterday from Versailles; it is impossible he can have been infected in less than four-and-twenty hours. Alas! there is the *Courier* extended beside his plate: and the dish grows cold and the wine grows warm, while Morrison sympathizes with the feelings of the Home Secretary, or penetrates the mysteries of the Attorney General's philippic. Watch Lady Lansquenet as she takes up her hand from the whist-table. With what an extacy of delight does she marshal the brocaded warriors who are the strength of her battle; how indignantly does she thrust into their appointed station the more ignoble combatants, who are distinguished, like hackney-coaches, only by their number; how reverentially does she draw towards her those three last lingering cards, as if the magic alchemy of delay were of power to transmute a spade into a club, or exalt a plebeian into a prince. Then, with what an air of anxiety does she observe the changes and chances of the contest; now flushed with triumph, now palsied with alarm; and bestowing alternately upon her adversary and her ally equal shares of her impartial indignation. Lady Lansquenet is neither pretty, nor young, nor musical, nor literary. She does not know a Raphael from a Teniers, nor a scene by Shakspeare from a melody by Moore. Yet to me she seems the most conversible person in the room; for at least the Question is nothing to Lady Lansquenet. One may ask what her winnings have been without fear. "I have lost," says her Ladyship, "twenty points. I am seldom so unfortunate; but what could I expect, you know—with a Popish partner"!



I will go and see Frederic Marston. He has been in love for six weeks. In ordinary cases, I shrink with an unfeigned horror from the conversation of a lover—barley broth is not more terrible to an Alderman, nor metaphysics to a blockhead, nor argument to a wit. But now, in mere self-defence, I will go and see Frederic Marston. He will talk of wood-pigeons and wildernesses, of eye-brows and ringlets, of sympathies and quadrilles, of “meet me by moon-light!” and the brightest eyes in the world. I will endure it all; for he will have no thought to waste upon the wickedness of the Duke of Wellington, or the disfranchisement of Larry O’Shane. So I spoke in the bitterness of my heart; and after a brief and painful struggle with a Treasury clerk in the Haymarket, and a narrow escape in Regent-street from the heavy artillery of a Somersetshire divine, I flung myself into my old school-fellow’s arm-chair, and awaited his raptures or his apprehensions, as patiently as the wrecked mariner awaits the lions or the savages, when he has escaped from the billow and the blast. “My dear fellow,” said my unhappy friend, and pointed, as he spoke, to a letter which was lying open on the table; “I am the most miserable of fortune’s playthings. It is but a week since every obstacle was removed. The dresses were bespoken; the ring was bought; the Dean had been applied to, and the lawyer was at work. I had written out ten copies of an advertisement, and sold Hambletonian for half his value. A plague on all uncles! Sir George has discovered ‘an insuperable objection.’ One may guess his meaning without comment.”

“Upon my life, not I—have you criticized his Correggio?”

“Never.”

“Have you abused his claret?”

“Never.”

“You have thinned his preserves then?”

“I never carried a gun there!”

“Or slept while his chaplain was preaching?”

“I never sat in his pew.”

A horrible foreboding came over me. I sat in silent anticipation of the blow which was to overwhelm me. “Oh my dear friend,” said Frederic, after a long pause, “why was I born under so fatal a planet? And why did my second cousin sign that infernal petition?”

My father’s ancient and valued friend, Martin Marston, Esq. of Marston Hall, has vegetated for forty years in his paternal estate in the west of England, proud and happy in the enjoyment of every thing which makes the life of a country gentleman enviable. He is an upright magistrate, a kind master, a merciful landlord, and a hearty friend. If you believe his neighbours, he has not been guilty of a fault for ten years, but when he forgave the butler who plundered his plate-closet; nor uttered a complaint for twenty, except when the gout drove him out of his saddle, and compelled him to take refuge in the pony-chair. If his son were not the readiest Grecian at Westminster, he was nearly the best shot in the county; and if his daughters had little interest in the civil dissensions of the King’s Theatre, and thought of Almack’s much as a metropolitan thinks of Timbuctoo, they had nevertheless as much beauty as one looks for in a part-

ner, and quite as many accomplishments as one wants in a wife. Mr. Marston has always been a liberal politician; partly because his own studies and connection have that way determined him, and partly because an ancestor of his bore a command in the Parliamentary army, at the battle of Edgehill. But his principles never interfered with his comforts. He had always a knife and fork for the Vicar, a furious high-church man; and suffered his next neighbour, a violent Tory, to talk him to sleep without resistance or remonstrance,—in consequence of which Dr. Gloss declared he had never found any man so open to conviction, and Sir Walter vowed that old Marston was the only Radical that ever listened to reason.

When I visited Marston Hall two months ago, on my road to Penzance, matters were strangely altered in the establishment. I found the old gentleman sitting in his library with a huge bundle of printed placards before him, and a quantity of scribbled paper lying on his table! The County Meeting was in agitation, and Mr. Marston, to the astonishment of every one, had determined to take the field against bigotry and persecution. He was composing a speech. Poachers were neglected, and turnip-stealers forgotten; his favourite songs echoed unheeded, and the urn simmered in vain. He hunted authorities, he consulted references, he hammered periods into shape, he strung metaphors together like beads, he translated, he transcribed. He was determined that if the good folk of the West remained unenlightened, the fault should not rest upon his shoulders. Every pursuit and amusement were at an end. He had been planning a new line of road through part of his estate, but the labourers were now at a standstill; and he had left off reading in the middle of the third volume of the *Disowned*. I found that Sir Walter had not dined at his table for five weeks; and when I talked of accompanying his party to the parish church on Sunday, Emily silenced me with a look, and whispered that her papa read the prayers at home now, for that Dr. Gloss was a detestable fanatic, who went about getting up petitions. Mr. Marston could talk about nothing but the Question, and the speech he meant to make upon it.—“Talk of the dangers of Popery,” he said,—“why old Tom Sarney, who died the other day, was a Papist; I hunted with him for ten years; never saw a man ride with better judgment. When I had that horrid tumble at Fen Brook, if Tom Sarney had not been at my side, my Protestant neck would not have been worth a whistle that day. Danger, forsooth! They are Papists at Eastwood Park, you know; and if my son’s word is to be credited, there is one pretty Catholic there who would save at least one heretic from the bon-fire. My tenant Connell is a Papist:—never flinches at Lady-day and Michaelmas. Lady Dryburgh is a Papist; and Dr. Gloss says she keeps a jesuit in her house:—by George, sir, she may have a worse faith than I, but she contrived to give twice as many blankets to the poor last Christmas. And so I shall tell my friends from the hustings next week.”

When I observed the report of the proceedings at the County Meeting in the newspaper, a fortnight afterwards, I find only that Mr. Marston “spoke amidst considerable uproar.” But I learn from private channels that his speech has been by no means thrown away. For it is quoted with much emphasis by his game-keeper, and it occupies thirteen closely written pages in Emily’s album.

P. C.



## BARBA YORGHİ, THE GREEK PILOT.

IN the course of some excursions on the coast of Asia Minor, in the autumn of 1827, I chanced to establish my quarters, for awhile, at a small town, called by the Turks Chesmé (Anglicè, the fountains.) In reference to classical antiquity, I may mention, that Chesmé lies between Erythræ and Teos, which once ranked among the fairest cities of the "elegant Ionia." In modern history it is distinguished as having been the scene of the destruction of the Ottoman fleet by the Russians, on the 7th of July, 1770. Its mercantile celebrity, which is of greater advantage than its ancient or modern recollections, is derived from an extensive trade in raisins; nearly all that fruit, denominated in England Smyrna raisins, being the product of its neighbourhood, and shipped at Chesmé. It is situated on a narrow creek, opposite to the unfortunate island and city of Scio, from which it is about nine miles distant.

By the kindness of my friend Mr. P. W——, I was tolerably lodged in the house of a Turk, who had vacated it for his use. In this Eastern mansion were many strange things; but the strangest of all was an old Greek we engaged as servant, who acted as valet, cook, and groom, and who was called Barba Yorghı (Uncle George.) This man, I was informed, had been on board the ship of the Captain Pasha, when the Greek Captain Canaris blew the lofty Moslemin into the air, off Scio. It is not often one has an opportunity of learning details from the survivor of such a night—besides, the peculiarity of his appearance and manner, his intelligence, and a rude but striking sort of eloquence he possessed, interested me. One evening, therefore, I invited him to come into my room, and discuss the narrative of his life at length.

Leaving his slippers at the door, Barba Yorghı advanced to the upper end of the room, sat down cross-legged on a low sofa, cleared his throat with a glass of Scio rakie, and began his tale, which was, indeed, one of adventure and woe. But as this narrative was of great length, and the reader in England may not have all the leisure and taste for a "long story" that I had in my Asiatic solitude, I will hastily dispatch the early adventures, and merely let Barba Yorghı tell himself the last and most interesting of them.—He was a native of Chesmé, and the son of respectable Greek parents of the place. His father died when he was about twelve years of age; his mother soon followed, and he was left a helpless orphan. By the assistance of a *charitable relation* he was shipped on board a Turkish *saccolava*, where he was exposed to brutal treatment. In process of time, he rose from cabin-boy to the rank of sailor; and in that capacity visited Smyrna, Scio, and most of the Greek islands. In some of these places he picked up money; but among the famous swimmers and sponge-divers of the islands of Calymna and Stanchio, he improved himself in an acquirement (i. e. swimming) to which he was destined twice to owe his life, and in a rare manner: the first time was in his young days, at Stanchio. Getting into a love scrape, and being pursued by the enraged relatives of the fair islander (by night,) he leaped into the sea, and made for the opposite island of Calymna, swimming farther, and probably faster, *from* his mistress than ever did the enamoured

Leander, of swimming memory, to his. The distance from one island to the other is more than five miles; but having rested on one of the two small islets about midway between them, he reached at last the island of Calymna.

After this important adventure he became more prudent in his love, and (as men will do) more careful of his money. By dint of labour, and economy, he more than once acquired what, in his humble ideas, was wealth,—but as often was he reduced, by misfortune and oppression, to his primitive poverty. At last, however, when he was penniless and almost hopeless, a relation, who in his life-time had never given him any thing but a few *paras*\*, and a deal of good advice, on dying left him the property he could no longer keep, and which, of the two, he would rather have fall into Yorghı's hands than into the sultan's coffers. Barba Yorghı now became a ship-owner and merchant; and being well to do in the world, soon found a wife at the village of Aya-Paraskevis (close to Chesmé,) who brought an addition to his fortune of a good house and an extensive vineyard. The Greek couple had a daughter—an only child. After describing, in an affecting manner, his boundless affection for the offspring of his old age, the brilliant projects he formed, and the hopes he entertained, poor Yorghı terminated his sad tale thus:—

You shall hear, Sir, how cruelly all these hopes were blighted,—how my proud confidence was humbled to the dust, and how I became the lonely, wretched, besotted old man you now see me.

On a day fatal for us, an affray took place in our village (Aya-Paraskevis, inhabited solely by Greeks,) in which a Turk of some consequence was killed, and two of his attendants wounded. I was absent at the time, shooting partridges with my wife's brother, on the hill of Alacchitta, but when I arrived and heard the fact, I trembled at the certain consequences. It was true the Turk had been killed in an attempt to commit the grossest injury upon a beautiful Greek girl of the village, by her relations, and a young man her lover; and that they who had done the deed, and she who had been the innocent cause, had prudently taken flight. But I too well knew the vindictive spirit of the Turks, the comprehensiveness of Turkish justice, its eagerness on every occasion to effect an *avaniah*, to drain money right or wrong, and to use the advantages of force to the utmost extent. The most, however, that I and my wife apprehended, (and that to us blind, avaricious fools that we were, seemed a mighty evil,) was, that we, from our comparative wealth, should be obliged to contribute largely to the fine to be imposed on the village, for a transaction in which we had no more to do than if we had been living in the sultan's palace at Stamboul.—Oh, God! this would have been nothing—nothing! At a late hour in the evening, a numerous body of furious Turks rushed into the village, discharging their fire-arms in all directions, as is their wont. A pistol-ball penetrated through one of my slight shutters, and struck my Helenizza! my lovely—my innocent—my happy child! who, scarcely comprehending the alarm of her parents, had fallen quietly asleep on a sofa by the window. One shrill shriek, which still rings in my ears,

\* Para is the smallest Turkish coin; forty go to a piaster, and a piaster is now less than four-pence English.



and turns my blood to ice, warned us of our unutterable woe! She threw herself off the sofa towards me, and expired at my feet. Oh, Sir, you have never known what is pain if you have not felt the agony, the madness of a fond father! What succeeded around us for some time I have no idea, and, had it not been for the care of our servant and a friend or two who ran into our apartment, we should have expired, lying prostrate by the side of our child, in the flames that had already reached our house from the deserted residence of the fugitives that the Turks had set fire to. When made sensible, I took my darling in my arms, and we went into the garden behind the house; there, on the bare ground, with the cold, pallid, blood-stained corpse on my knees, I sat in mute despair, heedless of the destruction of my property, and of all the horrors committing in the village. Thus passed the night. When the morning dawned, the hour at which, in my happy days, I had been accustomed to arise, and, ere repairing to the business of the day, to kiss my sweet little slumberer—heaven and earth! what a scene did its hateful light disclose! Could it, indeed, be she? my rose, my brilliant floweret—my darling—late so full of life, and now colourless, inanimate as the marble of the fountain! was it possible? Could a morsel of dull lead, scarcely larger than the black pupil of her eye, work such a change as this? could the art of man do so much and so soon? But it was even so—she was dead—dead! and the blood that stained my hands, my face, my bosom, was her life's blood. My brain was bewildered; and when my friends consolingly said, Helenizza would be a saint in heaven, I could not comprehend how her pure, holy spirit could be severed or separated from the pure, angelic form I still clasped in my arms.

In the course of the morning some neighbours came to inform me of the aga's will, and of the sum I was expected to contribute; for even the Turks had not heart to face the wretchedness they had made. I took the money from my casket, which the attention of my servant or friends (and none of mine) had rescued from the fire, and mechanically counted out the pieces. It was a heavy sum, but it cost me not a thought; I could have thrown all that was left to me at my oppressors' feet with the same indifference. We were carried (the remains of my Helenizza, my wife, and myself) to a neighbour's house, ours being a heap of ruins. The women engaged themselves in preparations for the funeral, and at the evening hour, borne down with grief, I staggered after the flower-covered corpse of my child to the grave. As she lay extended on her little bier, by the side of the dark pit, which the priests were sanctifying with prayer and incense, and holy water, the rosy glow of the setting sun flushed over her face; it was so like the glow of infantile health when in repose, that again I could not understand she was sleeping for ever; but they lowered her into the grave, laid the pillow under her head, placed the cross on her breast, and hid my child from my sight. Even then, so near did my state of mind approach to madness, that, had I not been restrained, I would have torn up the cold earth and the hated boards that concealed her, to attempt, if yet the warmth of a father's embrace—a father's heart—could not recall her to light and life. But I afflict you, sir, and will touch lightly on the rest of my sorrows.

The loss of her child and her fortune, and my dissipation and profusion, for it was only when stupified by wine that I could find peace, and for the remnant of my property I cared nothing, soon sent my wife to her daughter's resting place. I continued to live on in an alternation of drinking and sleeping, for I dared not face the horrors of my solitary room, or lay me down on my lowly couch until the potent wine cup had deluged memory and reflection—had fallen from my unsteady hand; and when sleep, by far the kinder of my two friends, abandoned me, I returned instantly to wine. In this mode of life I persisted, until I had not a *para* left me in the world, and it was only the pressure of want, the gnawings of famine, that aroused me once more to exertion—to the duties and labours of a poor man's life; though several times I would fain have laid myself down to die, even by the painful death of hunger. When I did look about me, to see what I could do, an Ipsariot captain, who had known me many years, suggested that I might embark as a pilot, a post which my long experience in the Archipelago, my acquaintance with all its scattered islands and narrow passages, must certainly qualify me for. A pilot, therefore, I became, and again threaded through the Cyclades, sometimes with fair weather, sometimes with foul; sometimes with a good, friendly captain, who would share his cheering glass with me,—sometimes with a penurious brute, who would set me on shore with my body shrunk from want of food, and my belly swollen with unwholesome water; with Imperialists, French, English, with Italians, Spaniards, and God knows what other nations. In this way I contrived to live: busy and dangerous occupations, a rapid variety in associates and scenes, and, more than all, the course of time, tempered the poignancy of my afflictions, and having saved a little money, about seven years ago, I thought of returning to this, my native place, to rest awhile in peace,—to breathe my last where my Helenizza had been,—to recommend some kind being to see me laid by her side. With this idea I undertook a voyage (which I intended should be my last) to the Dardanelles. My usual good fortune went with me; we were detained by a Turkish frigate; the Turkish fleet was in want of pilots, and some kind friend mentioned my qualifications in a flattering manner. I was ordered on board the frigate, and, instead of returning to Chesmé, was carried to Constantinople, thence to conduct, where they might list, the tyrants to whom I had so many obligations. But I am wrong, I should not say conduct, as the Turks will hardly ever deign to listen to their pilot. For my part, I do not know what they want with a pilot at all, unless it be to have the pleasure of cutting off his head, when, by their own ignorance, they have run their ship upon a rock. A short time after our arrival at Constantinople, I was transferred to a large ship of the line, which had been laid up for years, but was now destined to go somewhere, and do something, though the *where* and the *what* were not yet decided; and had it not been for the Greek revolution, it might have been long ere she had emerged from the Dardanelles, or my pilot-craft been exercised in any thing but an occasional sail to the Prince's Islands, or some such other trip, to contribute to the splendour and pleasure of a blooming holiday.



You are aware, Sir, that before our revolution, all the *seamen* of the Ottoman navy were Greeks, the Turks confining themselves to the more noble occupation of firing the guns, and despising all the nautical portion of the service, as a thing far beneath them. When the rising of our nation became generally known, many of these sailors fled, as opportunity offered, from the ships of the tyrant to those of their countrymen. The condition of those who could not escape became dreadful; the Turks, though they knew they could not do without their services, were unable to repress their hate and revenge. Whenever intelligence came of any success obtained by our brethren in Greece, the pistol and yataghan were sure to go to work among us. Even in times of no extraordinary excitement I have seen a man cut down by my side, merely because the Turk imagined his features bore an expression of joy or triumph. A word of sympathy in the cause of his country, that might escape a Greek, ensured him instant death. Indeed, no state could well be worse than ours; and what aggravated its bitterness beyond endurance, was, that we were to be made, in the hands of our tyrants, the means of carrying ruin and death to our friends and countrymen. If we turned our eyes towards the shore, there was nothing calculated to console us there. The turbulent populace of the immense capital was burning with the fiercest of passions, and eager for blood and pillage; every day saw some of the noblest or richest of our unhappy caste fall unresisting victims; and the blood of the ministers of our holy religion, even of the venerated head of our church, was shed with remorseless profusion. But, to continue my story.—It was on board of the ship where I, and about a hundred other Greeks, were compelled to serve, that the Captain Pasha embarked early in the year of 1822. Shortly afterwards the strong fleet, that was then all ready, set sail. The first place that the long gathering tempest fell upon was the island of Scio, and every body knows with what violence it fell. The scenes of horror that were played off there, for the space of six weeks, have been made familiar to the world; and, coupled with the more recent destruction of Ipsara, the fall of Scio will long be held as the very perfection of atrocity, beyond which it would be difficult even for fiends to proceed. By day I heard the shrieks of the fleeing, and the curses of the pursuers; the supplicating voices of women, children, and old men, dying away in the short, tremulous cry of death's agony. Day after day I heard the irregular discharge of musketry, with, now and then, the deep roar of artillery; I heard the crash of stately houses, as their marble walls fell to the earth; I saw the smoke extend in dense masses over the fair city, and rise, at intervals, from the pleasant villas and olive groves, from the bright gardens of oranges and citrons, and from the *bosquets* of the favourite mastic.

But by night how fearful was the spectacle! The murderer reposed from his bloody labours; a deathly silence reigned, broken, occasionally, by the loud crackling of the consuming fire, the fall of a building, or the savage cry of some Asiatic sentinel. The flames rose high from tower and grove, lighting up the destruction they were making; they darted in broad, red masses across the channel that divides the island from the main, and reflected on the black sides and lofty summit of

Cape Karabournou. Then I saw consuming the beautiful city, the fairest, the politest of all the Levant, where, at different periods of my life, I had passed many a happy day; then I saw the ravage of the destructive element among those lovely gardens, the odour of whose fruit trees had so often saluted me across the calm waves, charmed my senses, and given me the pleasant assurance that I was approaching home. Many and many a time, as I have been sailing out of the bay of Smyrna, have I scented, at the distance of miles, the sweet blossoms of the orange tree, the citron, and the almond, that were prodigal of beauty and wealth to the dwellers in the happy island of Scio. What had the marble halls and inoffensive plants done that they should thus be destroyed! One would have thought that the love of possession would have saved them, and that the Turks, contenting themselves with wrenching them from those who had built and planted them, would have stayed the hand of injury, and kept them for their own use and enjoyment. But it is part of their brutal character to delight in destruction; perhaps, they are anxious to efface works they themselves know not how to imitate; they may have considered the symmetric, elegant, comfortable edifices a reproach to their own paltry constructions of lath and mortar: perhaps,—but why speculate on the motives of their barbarity? the fact is,—and alas! how often has it been proved of late years—the Turk ever finishes with fire what he has begun with the sword, and so soon as he has pillaged the money and jewels, and secured such women as may have charms for his brutal lust, or who he imagines will sell well, he hastens to render the scene of his triumph a heap of desolate ruins. To do this in Scio required hard work, and the perverse industry which the Turks displayed to accomplish their purpose was truly astonishing. The houses, being well built of hard stone and marble, with scarcely any wood in them but the doors and window-frames, were very difficult to burn; they had the barbarous constancy of purpose to return to the same building five, ten, or fifteen days, successively, and even after all, the strong outer walls are nearly all yet standing. I except, however, the palace of the Bishop, where the short assemblies of the Greek people were held, and the Greek college, in which, before our troubles, from four to five hundred youths of Scio, and other islands of the Archipelago, were educated; these two edifices were rased to the ground—not a stone was left upon another. It is a sad thing now, Sir, as you must have felt, to walk through that desolate town; to see those smoked, scorched, skeletons of houses that were once so beautiful. When I was there, a few days ago, I walked through street after street and did not meet a human being. I started a covey of partridges in the *Strada de' Primatei*, which I had known so populated and gay. I saw an unowned starved bitch giving suck to her miserable litter in the corner of a marble paved hall, that had belonged to a wealthy merchant, and which I had seen frequented, in other days, by a large and handsome family, and numerous and smiling friends. Sturdy shoots of the wild fig-tree had sprung up within the holy church; the floor was overgrown with nettles, weeds hung from the walls, swarms of insects were seen rushing to their secret holes, and an odious black



snake lay coiled on the very altar stone! I could have wept to see such changes.

Before I proceed to finish my adventures, there is one particular story of the massacre of Scio which I must tell you, because it is not generally known, and because I can answer for its authenticity, having seen the villains before the scowl and flush of anger were off their countenances, and having heard the recital as it fell, without one expression of relenting or remorse, from the lips of the murderers. A party of about a dozen Turks had taken, among other female captives, a young lady of extreme beauty, and could not agree to whose lot she should fall, each being inflamed with a desire of possessing so fair a prize, and determined not to relinquish her to another. After a long and violent altercation they grew furious, and were drawing their arms to fight among themselves, when one of them proposed, that, as they could not all obtain her, nobody should, and that, to prevent further quarrelling, they should shoot her. This being unanimously agreed to, the barbarians went into the room where the poor creature was, already well nigh dead with fear; each of them discharged his pistol at her, and left her a disfigured corse.

I now, Sir, come to the night on which our brave Canaris took his signal vengeance on the Turks for the cruelties they had committed, and were then committing, against us. A terrible night, Sir, it was. When I look back to it, it seems like some horrible dream; such a dream as might visit a guilty soul, when labouring under remorse of conscience, and the dread of everlasting perdition; a vision of the day of judgment; a scene of the deep abyss of unquenchable flame, from which may the Virgin and saints deliver us! The Turkish fleet was lying quietly and unsuspectingly at anchor off Scio, on a fine night, in the month of June; the hour was waxing very late; the coffee-shops on board had ceased to give out the chibouques and cups; the Turks were reposing, huddled together like sheep, on the decks; the Captain Pasha had retired to his splendid cabin, his officers had followed his example; no regular watch being ever kept on board a Turkish man of war. I, and a few Greek lads, still lingered on the upper deck, and, for want of better amusement, were watching the progress of a dark sail, which we saw emerge from the Spalmadore Islands, and bear down the channel in our direction. She came stilly on, approaching us nearer and nearer, and we kept gazing at her, without, however, apprehending any thing, until we saw another sail in sight, and perceived that the vessel we had first made out was hauling up in such a manner as would soon bring her right alongside our lofty three-decker. I then ventured to go below and speak to one of the Turkish officers. This gentleman cursed me for disturbing him, called me a fool, and after speaking disrespectfully of the mother that bore me, grumbled out that they must be merchant vessels from Smyrna, turned himself on his other side, and fell again to sleep. Still the suspicious ship came on nearer and nearer; I spoke to some of the men, who replied much in the same manner as the officer had done, wondering what I had got into my head, to be running about breaking people's rest at such a time of the night. What more could I do?

When I again ascended the quarter deck, the vessel was close astern—within hail. She was a large brig, as black as Satan, but not a soul could I see on board except the man at the helm. Of my own accord, I cried out to them to hold off, or he would be split to pieces against us. No answer was returned, but, favoured by a gentle breeze, on came the brig, silent and sombre as the grave. Whilst fixing my eyes intently on these incomprehensible proceedings, I saw the helmsman leave his post, having secured his tiller hard a-port—the next instant I heard a noise like that made by the manning of oars—then I saw a boat drop astern from under the lee of the brig—and ere I could again draw breath, the brig struck violently against our side, to which (by means I could not then conceive) she became at once attached like a crab, or the many-armed polypus. Before one third of the slumbering Turks were aroused, before a dozen of them had seized their pikes and spars to detach the dangerous neighbour—she exploded!—A discharge—a fire—a shock, like the mighty eruption of some vast volcano, rose from the dark, narrow bosom, and quickly she was scattered in minute fragments, high in the astonished, but placid heavens, wide over the sea, and among our decks and rigging—destroyed herself in the act of destroying, though we could see the hands that had directed and impelled the movement of the dreadful engine pulling fast away in the boat. They might have taken it more coolly, for the Turks had other matters to think of, than pursuing them—our ship was on a blaze—the flames were running like lightning along our rigging, and had seized on so many parts at once, that the confused crew knew not where to direct their attention. The Captain Pasha rushed upon deck like a man who had heard the sound of the last trumpet; he did not, however, lose much time in beating his forehead and tearing his beard; he proceeded with great firmness of mind to give judicious orders, but the fire was too widely spread, and the consternation of the crew too excessive to admit of any good being done. While he gave commands to intercept the flames that were already playing down the main-topmast, he heard the cry from below, that the lower deck was on fire, and numbers of his men rushed by him and leaped into the sea. It was in vain he ran from place to place, attempting by prayers and threats to establish something like a unity and purpose of action—the fellows had lost their reason in their extreme fear.—It was all in vain that he drew forth his splendid purse, and scattered its rich contents before them—what was money to a man who felt that, if he lingered for a minute, he should be sent into the air on the wings of gunpowder! Some of our boats had caught fire; others were lowered, and you will not wonder that these were all swamped or upset by the numbers that rushed into them. Meanwhile the fire spread, and spread—at each instant it might reach the powder magazines—the guns too, that were all double-shotted or crammed with grape, began to be heated; and as the flames flashed over them, already went off at intervals with tremendous roar. The wild shrieks, curses, and phrensied actions of some of the crew; the speechless despair, and stupid passiveness of others; and the shrill, reckless maniac laugh (for many of them were downright mad) were horrible to witness. People may talk about Mahometan resignation, and the surprising influence of their doctrine of fatalism,



but, for my part, I saw little result from their boasted equanimity or firm-set belief: they seemed to be affected just as other mortals would have been in a similar trying situation, and indeed (with the exception of a few of superior rank among the Turks) the despised Greeks shewed infinitely more firmness and presence of mind than their masters. The far greater part of the latter leaped into the sea without reflecting whether they could swim two miles—or, indeed, whether they could swim at all, (among nearly eight hundred Turks, you may imagine, Sir, what a number of fat fellows there were,) and without calculating the certain havoc to be committed on them in the water by the terrible discharges of the guns. I shall not attempt to vaunt my own courage; I was a worn-out, spirit-broken man—I was going to throw myself overboard, when a Greek, a townsman of mine, as brave and clever a lad as ever lived, caught hold of my arm, and drew me aside. “What! are you mad, like the stupid Turks?” said he in an under tone of voice; “if you leap into the water now, you will be either drowned in the dying grasp of some heavy Osmanli, or have your brains knocked out by the cannon shot—the ship may not blow up yet awhile; and do you not see, that now as the cables are cut, and the wind is towards shore, we are every moment drifting nearer to the island? Come along, Yorghis!” I followed my adviser to the bow of the ship—here I saw a number of Greeks, hanging on the bowsprit and on the rigging outside of the bows. We took our station with them, awaiting in almost breathless silence the moment when the powder magazine should explode. I should tell you, though, that before I left the deck I saw the Captain Pasha make an attempt to leave the ship, in a boat that had sustained little injury. His attendants succeeded in embarking his treasures and valuables, and he was descending the ship’s side, when a number of frantic Turks leaped into the boat, and down she went, mahmoudiers\*, golden coffee-cups, amber pipes, shawls, Turks, and all! It has been generally said that the Captain Pasha was killed in the boat by the fall of part of the ship’s masts; but this, I can assure you, is not correct—he was blown up with the ship. As I was getting over the bows, I saw him through the smoke and flames, standing with his back against the bulwarks, his hands crossed on his breast, and his head raised towards the heavens, which looked pitilessly and on fire; and one of my companions afterwards assured me he saw him in the same position the very moment before the final explosion. Of the explosion itself I can say little, but that it was indeed tremendous.—I remember nothing but a dreadful roar, an astounding shock, a burst of flames that seemed to threaten the conflagration of the globe, and a rain of fiery matter that fell thick, and hissed in the troubled sea like ten thousand serpents. The shock threw *us* nearly all from the bows; some, though not many, were killed by the falling timbers, the rest swam off for shore, from which we were still distant more than a mile. My limbs had no longer the strength and activity that in former times enabled me to swim from Stanchio to Calymna; but, with the assistance of a floating fragment, I did very well, and was among the foremost of the Greeks who reached the little light-house, that stands on Scio’s ancient and ruined mole. On looking back at the wreck, the fore-part of the ship appeared still afloat, and the foremast erect, but they soon parted, and

\* Mahmoudier, a coin, value 25 piastres.

the next day nothing was seen of the immense ship, but minute and innumerable fragments scattered on the water and on the shore of the island. Of about nine hundred persons in all, who were on board, only eighty-three escaped, and among these, as far as I could ascertain, *there was not one Turk!* Many unfortunate Greek prisoners or slaves perished with the ship, and among them, three young Sciote children.

My tale is told;—since that dreadful night my adventures have been of a very homely nature. I am now your servant, Sir, and hope the partridges I cooked for you this evening were to your taste.

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### EVERY MAN'S MASTER.

#### L'HYGIENE.—FRENCH AND ENGLISH DIETETICS.

THE literature of England and of France has been of late inundated with books on diet, regimen, digestion, and the like. On the one hand we have Abernethy, Hare, Wilson, Philip, Paris, James Johnson, Kitchener, and many more too numerous to particularize: while on the other, we have Meirieu, Simon, Buches, Trelat, Bricheteau, Rostan, Hallé, Hufeland, &c. "A demand," says the Political Economist, "produces a supply," just as naturally as hunger leads to eating, and fatigue to sleep. Precisely so it is in this instance. Now, that the desolating and bloody sword of war has been turned into a pruning hook, and the spear into a ploughshare, mankind, directing their energies to achievements not quite so arduous, it is true, but infinitely more delightful, take Professors Gustaldi, Beauvilliers, Jarrin, and Ude, for their guides; and study the divine arts of "*la cuisine et la gloutonnerie*." What follows? A very speedy production of books without number on all and every thing connected with that capricious and universal organ—the stomach. Thus is the "demand" established, the "supply" is not long withheld.

It is one thing to write a book, and another to read it; or, at all events, to profit by its perusal: and we very much question the utility (of course we mean to the *reader*) of the numerous works that have been recently put forth on the subject of diet. That a physician should write a book—especially if he have some new theory to promulgate, or some useful information to impart,—is both natural and proper: and if he hit upon a popular and *taking* subject, why, as far as he is concerned, *tant mieux!* But it is the duty of us as reviewers—and a very ungracious duty it very often is—to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" their voluminous lucubrations. In this particular case we really feel it a duty to "digest" what we read. Having, therefore, sifted the wheat from the chaff of a large pile of dietetic works, we must repeat, that—with one or two marked exceptions, we do verily suspect—not only the inutility, but, even the injurious effect of these oracles; because, by submitting all edible articles to the vigilant laws of chemistry, we must detect, in almost every substance, some noxious and unwhole-



some quality. When Mr. Accum published his books on the adulteration of food, garnished with that fearful motto—" *There is death in the pot!*" all the world was frightened at the communication, and regarded the most ordinary compound substances with extreme suspicion—not to say horror. They may now look with an eye equally distrustful and tremulous upon the different species of meat and vegetables; for the cunning hand of chemistry will detect in them some properties—not, indeed, of sophistication—for dame Nature scorns such knavery—but nevertheless prejudicial—that is, *chemically* prejudicial—to the human stomach.

But, in all this close and rigid analysation, one trifling fact has been entirely overlooked; namely—that the human stomach is neither a crucible, nor a copper,—neither a retort, nor a furnace; neither, to speak learnedly a *vas leviter clausum*, nor a *balneum aquosum*, nor a *balneum arenæ*,—but simply and emphatically, as Dr. Hunter used to say—"a stomach, gentlemen,—a stomach."

There is another circumstance, also, which the sagacious dieteticians have neglected to consider: they have placed nothing to the account of the habits and feelings, nor even to the constitution of their readers. But this is wrong, and decidedly unjust. If the hypochondriac—heaven help him!—cannot take food without referring to some popular work on diet, his situation is very similar to that of a child in leading-strings; and his fears will be constantly excited by the danger of transgression. Truly, there hath been much nonsense thrust upon mankind, by these minatory denunciations against feeding; and our habits, feelings, and even our most innocent inclinations, have been exposed to the action of the crucible, and denounced as perilous.

As eating has been so furiously anathematized, so also has drinking, and with the same bigotry, virulence, and indiscrimination. Of course, if taken to excess, fermented liquors, like every thing else, become pernicious; but it shews a sad lack of wisdom to condemn the *use* of meat and drink, because their *abuse* is attended with ill effects. Why should we "act and feel, as if this bountiful world, brilliant in beauty and overflowing in blessings, was a collection of steel-traps and spring guns, set to catch the body, and shoot the soul?" Is it not much better and wiser, to avail ourselves of the many blessings which Providence has placed within our reach, than to set ourselves to work, to detect poison in our meat, and God knows what in our drink?—It savours of learning, doubtless, to do all this, and of the "musty" air of the schools: but, *cui bono*?

"Preach not to me your musty rules,  
Ye drones that mould in idle cell;  
The heart is wiser than the schools—  
The senses always reason well."

Our grandfathers and their progenitors were well convinced that a good cup of "Sherris sack," or muscadine, comforted the heart and aided digestion; and why the same opinion should not influence *us*, we must leave to the chemists to decide.

Now, as far as we can see, they do not do these things a whit better in France; and this brings us to the immediate consideration of the works before us.

The reader will have already observed, that the "Résumé" placed at the head of this article, is a volume of one of those "Encyclopédies," for which the French are so celebrated. In the *traité* now by our side, there is a complete *Code Hygiénique*—from infancy to "the last sad scene of all;"—and the book does not contain so many as 270 32mo. pages. There are, also, at the end, a "Biographie des Médecins les plus célèbres qui ont écrit sur l'Hygiène," and a short "Bibliographie Hygiénique, ou Catalogue Raisonné des meilleurs ouvrages écrits sur l'Hygiène," besides a very correct and rather minute index; and all for 3 fr. 50 c.; or about three shillings!

It is not necessary that we should enter into any discussion upon the relative merits of the works of the several authors to whom we have alluded: we shall content ourselves with presenting to the reader the concentrated result of our lucubrations; and, by taking the "Résumé complet d'Hygiène Privée" for our guide, we shall be enabled to perform our task perhaps with interest and satisfaction.

Our Gallic neighbours always "begin at the beginning;" and we consequently find, that not content with embodying a complete code of "règles hygiéniques," they first of all briefly explain the peculiarities of the different stages, or "epochs\*" of existence; then those of the sexes; proceeding with those of constitution, habit, profession, climate and seasons; concluding with those of hereditary predisposition; all of which are treated in so familiar a style, that "he who runs may read." The whole is preceded by an "Introduction Historique," which is particularly neat, unaffected, and satisfactory. It embraces a brief, but comprehensive view of the various modes which the legislators of the ancient world, of the Persians, the Egyptians, the Hebrews, the Grecians, the Spartans, and the Romans, adopted to contribute to the health and comfort of the people. It insists, also, upon the many advantages which must necessarily accrue from an implicit obedience to such reasonable and wholesome laws; and concludes by enumerating the several illustrious philosophers who have deemed their time and talent not mis-spent in the inculcation of such doctrines, as well as in the strict and scientific examination of the principles upon which these doctrines are founded. Then follows a short description of the plan of the work, and then of the different compartments of the work itself, which we shall now proceed to consider.

We shall pass over "Les notions générales," &c., and come at once to "Les Fonctions de Nutrition," which comprise a greater variety of subjects than would, *à priori*, appear probable. Following the plan of our "Résumé," we notice, in the first place, the articles

\* Their division consists, and very sensibly so, of only five epochs, namely, infancy, youth, puberty, adolescence, or manhood, and old age; while that of the ancients was amplified into seven: *infantia, pueritia, adolescentia, juvenus, virilis ætas, senectus, et decrepit ætas*. These were regulated by the septenary principle of calculation; a circumstance that bears ample proof of the close and diligent observation of these "old philosophers." The evolutions of the human body, if we regard them carefully, are considerably influenced by these septenary principles: for instance,—we renew our teeth in the seventh year, we arrive at puberty at fourteen, and at full stature at twenty-one. We could go on to the end of the chapter, but it is not necessary.



“des Boissons ;” and “des boissons” are very properly defined as “liquides alimentaires destinées à étancher la soif.” Among the best and most salutary of these “liquides alimentaires,” *l'eau* is, of course, pre-eminent. It is a universal solvent, which dilutes the contents of the stomach, “et les dispose singulièrement à la digestion.” But it is by no means a simple body: there are hydrogen and oxygen conjointly to contend with; and calcareous and other saline matter, with chalybeate, and divers other sophistications, not to mention certain prolific *animalculæ*. We shall go farther than this, and observe how assiduously human art has improved the flavour and quality of this “dissolvant universel ;” and adduce, as an example, the preparations of tea and coffee. Such of our readers as imagine these luxuries to be merely toothsome delicacies, are marvellously mistaken; let them not imagine, particularly those who are of the *genus irritabile*, that while they are sipping their tea, or drinking their coffee, they are quenching their thirst, or adding innocently to their enjoyments: no such thing. “Le café et le thé sont généralement nuisibles aux individus irritables, à ceux qui ont le système nerveux très-développé, qui sont d'un tempérament bilieux ou sanguin, qui mènent une vie oisive, et sont en proie à quelque affection chronique.”

To counteract the pernicious effects of these luxuries, we have, in the true French style, compositions of citron, oranges, lemons, gooseberries, “ou quelquefois on y ajoute du vinaigre.” These potables are perfectly sedative, contribute more certainly to the quenching of thirst than other potables, “et sont très-convenables en été.” Lemonade, l'orgeat, emulsions, with “tisans” of sugar and honey, complete these salutary compounds, and constitute, to our Gallic neighbours, a perfect pharmacopœia of unerring remedies. Sugar and water merely, we would add, are highly esteemed by the French, as considerably aiding digestion and quenching the thirst, by increasing “la sécrétion muqueuse de l'estomac.”

The abuse of fermented liquors is briefly and pithily pointed out; and above all are they explained to be particularly prejudicial to what the French ladies have so much cause to be proud of, namely, their teeth. But we must pause here, and offer a few remarks of our own on the *use*, as well as *abuse* of fermented liquors.

Many people are aware that Mr. Basil Montague has written a huge octavo volume on this important subject, which volume is entitled “Some Enquiries into the Effects of Fermented Liquors. By a Water Drinker.” Much as we admire that gentleman's talent as a lawyer, and greatly as we esteem him as an individual, who fulfils every duty of existence with courtesy, kindness, and diligence, still we must say, that the book in question is as full of absurdities as any book well can be. It is replete with self-sufficiency, false reasoning, and mandlin squeamishness; and fit only for the perusal of those gentle “goodies,” who, assuming the title of Pythagoreans, eschew “flesh meat,” and feed wholly upon vegetables. To debar us of wine, rosy—sparkling—generous wine, which was expressly bestowed upon us to make our hearts glad, and to chase from our care-worn brows the sullen marks of sorrow!—there is rank impiety in the very notion

of such a monstrous proceeding. Yet has this "water-drinker" written four hundred long octavo pages, which are crammed with illustrations of the pernicious results of the effects "of fermented liquors." Of the *effects* did we say? No such thing; nor of the *use* either; but of the *abuse*—the gross, palpable, abominable abuse. We could tell Mr. Montague, and his disciples, that if he and they drink too much water, abusing thereby, instead of using, that palatable potion, they will most assuredly experience very ill effects for their imprudence: we will not take upon ourselves to affirm that they may not, eventually, become absolutely dissolved "into thin air," by an unlimited use of this "dissolvent universel." There is not in any one subject so much cant as there is in that of eating and drinking. If you eat this thing, quoth one learned Theban, you commit wilful murder; if you drink that, quoth Sir Peter Prescript, you pour poison into your very vitals. Really this is great nonsense. The books at the Custom-House would shew that an ocean of wine is annually consumed in this blessed kingdom of ours; and look at the brewers' lists every year touching the consumption of ale and porter. And why not? We see no earthly reason why the rich man should not warm his heart with wine, nor the poor man obtain a drop of comfort from a can of stingo. Dr. Whitaker, one of Charles the Second's physicians, wrote a very learned book, entitled the "The Blood of the Grape," in which he proves, beyond all dispute, the various excellent virtues of wine. "That wine (says he) is a medicine, and under such a notion apprehended, the practice of Avicenna, Rhasis, and Averroes, justifies; when themselves used twice every month to move their bodies with the same, either *sursum* vel *deorsum*, or both. (In plain English—they got drunk.) And if my own observations may be acceptable, then I cannot conceal such powerful effects, as myself hath felt, and seen in others:—*scil.* consumptive and extenuate bodies restored to a sarcosity; and from withered bodies, to fresh, plump, fat, and fleshy; and from old and infirm to young and strong; whereas, water and small-beer drinkers " (hear this, ye Pythagoreans, and hide your bloodless faces!)" were countenanced more like apes than men. And if"—concludes this hearty veteran—"I had no other reason but my own experience, it were enough to engage my faith concerning its excellence."

The water-drinkers have quoted the ancients in proof of the terrible and destructive effects of wine, much in the same way as a certain old gentleman, who shall be nameless, has been accused of quoting Scripture to answer his own wicked purposes. Now, neither Hippocrates, nor Galen, (*malgré* the assertions of the "Water-drinker" and his friends,) nor Averroes, nor Rhasis, nor Rufus, nor Avicenna, nor Asclepiades, nor Diogenes (the cynic), nor Cato, nor Pliny, nor Horace, nor Homer, nor, in short, any sensible man living, or who ever has lived, has ever interdicted the use of wine, or consigned its consumers to everlasting perdition. Tout au contraire! for Hippocrates expressly commends its use—the weak kinds in summer, and the more potent in winter\*; and Galen is equally strenuous

\* We cannot, just at this moment, place our hand upon the particular passage to which the text refers; but another, equally valuable, has just presented itself to



in its praise, while we have already seen to what beneficial purposes others of the wise men, whom we have mentioned, were wont to appropriate it. Were we to descend to modern times, we could produce a multitude of individuals who advocate the use of wine,—if not with the heartiness, at least, with the eloquence of their predecessors ;—but it is needless to proceed farther in this matter ; and we shall, consequently, content ourselves with offering a few serious remarks on the absurdity of that doctrine which forbids the indulgence of even a temperate potation.

We believe that no really sensible person will deny the utility—if not the actual necessity—of a certain degree of stimulus, under certain circumstances of human existence. Those whose employments are particularly laborious, and those who are much exposed to the changes of the atmosphere, require an absolute stimulus over and above that of the food which they eat. It is great nonsense to affirm, that “two ounces of flesh-meat, well digested, beget a greater stock of more durable and useful spirits than ten times as much strong liquors, which nothing but luxury and concupiscence makes (*make*) necessary.” This passage is quoted with great glee from Dr. Cheyne, by the “Water-drinker” already alluded to ; and it affords a striking example of the bad and false reasoning of these squeamish old gentlemen. Now, *ten times* two ounces would, according to the received rules of arithmetic, just make twenty ounces, and twenty ounces of “strong liquors”—of course the learned Doctor means *spirits*,—would be a pint and a quarter,—a sufficient dose, we have every reason to believe, to blow any man's brains out. But suppose we take the *same* quantity of “strong liquors,” or even double it, what will be the consequence then ? Why, that the “spirits” of the consumer will become both “useful” and “durable ;” and he will follow his occupation with increased vigour and activity. What would our gallant tars, and our brave indomitable soldiers have done without their grog ? What would they do now without it ? Will the “Water-drinker” and his Pythagorean followers please to inform us ? We have no fear for their answer : it is already written in the annals of our country.

Dr. Franklin, who was esteemed a perfect model for the imitation of all liberal water-drinkers, was a violent opposer of all social comfort. He inculcated the fact, that a twopenny loaf contained more actual nutriment—meaning, we suppose, more actual *grain*—than three times that worth of beer ; intending to say, that a twopenny loaf would be much better for a working man than sixpenny-worth of porter or ale. In proof of this, he adduces some observations respecting the horse, from Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, implying that the sinewy strength of that noble animal is sufficiently preserved by a draught of water and a mouthful of hay. Now, this again is all twaddle. Dr. Franklin, we presume, preferred no pretensions to a

our recollection : Οἶνος ἴσως ἴσως πινόμενος λυσιτελεῖ τὸν νόσον. Thus saith Hippocrates ; while Galen, who has been represented almost as the prototype of the celebrated Sangrado, is yet more warm in its praise. He says, that it affords more nourishment than any thing else ; that it increases radical moisture, and prolongs life. He also affirms Τοῦ ὕδατος Οἶνος βελτιώνει τὰ πάντα and we cordially agree with him.

knowledge of physiology, or of the more minute details of comparative anatomy; but Dr. Rush had no right to creep out by such a flimsy loop-hole. He, at least, ought to have known something about the mode in which digestion is performed in the *mammalia*, and in the other large animals. What precious nonsense, then, is his eulogy of the horse! "Look at the horse," he exclaims, "with every muscle of his body swelled from morning till night in the plough, or the team,—does *he* make signs for spirits to enable him to cleave the earth (!) or to climb a hill? No; he requires nothing but cool water and substantial food." This assumption is founded upon premises decidedly erroneous. To enable a hard-working horse to go through his toil with spirit, and to keep him, at the same time, in condition, he must have corn, or some other article subject to *fermentation*. The horse, as well as other animals of this class, has a very capacious digestive apparatus, and one probably adapted to the production of fermentation; so that, in truth, corn is a powerful fermented stimulus to the beast. We do not mean to affirm that the horse can digest corn into whiskey, or even into ale; but we see no reason to doubt,—building our opinion upon our knowledge of his anatomy,—the capability which he possesses of *fermenting* his food, and of transforming it into a source of pleasurable excitation. Let us, therefore, discard the sickening cant of the temperance of the horse; and let us more reasonably believe that Providence, in its goodness, has not denied to so useful an animal some slight gratification, as a reward for the precious benefits which it confers upon mankind.

Let not our readers imagine that, because we have thus eulogized wine, we intend to advocate an unlimited indulgence in its fascination. Far from it: all that we contend for is a moderate, and not an intemperate, use of the comforts which it is calculated to dispense. Let us then assume, as a settled point, that stimulus, in a certain degree, and under certain restrictions, is necessary to sustain the strength and invigorate the frame of the toiling man; the best proof of which are the comfort and energy which it imparts to the consumer: but, if this necessary stimulus be exceeded, then it is abused, and every superfluous mouthful becomes poisonous in its ultimate effect. We will here just trace the succeeding gradations of an intemperate potation. The first physical effect which is produced is upon the internal vascular coat of the stomach, as we may learn from the warmth which is evident to our sensation. By repeating the draught, the heart sympathises with the stomach, and we increase the circulation of the blood, which seems, as it were, to dance through the veins; the pulse becomes quick, and somewhat enlarged; the eyes sparkle; the imagination is quickened; and, in short, the whole frame is brim-full of excitement, as is sufficiently obvious in every word, look, and action. If the matter end here, well and good, if it be not too frequently repeated: for it is an established rule in the animal economy, that excitement, long sustained, or frequently repeated, will, sooner or later, inevitably wear out the machine; and, in proportion to the degree and duration of such excitement, will be the subsequent lassitude and debility. This fact, indeed, will serve to explain nearly all the moral and physical causes of disease: it is, in truth, an excess of



action of either the mental or corporeal functions, which tends to produce all those varied ills "flesh is heir to." "In medio tutissimus ibis" is a safe rule in more senses than that to which the Roman bard intended it should apply; and no person is more frequently reminded of its extreme utility and justness than the physician.

We will suppose, then, that the potation goes on; and we shall find that a new effect is very speedily produced. The brain, and the nerves which arise from it, oppressed by the load of blood thrown up into the head, as well as by the forcible and rapid pulsation of the arteries, become, in a degree, paralyzed; the tongue moves with difficulty, and loses the power of distinct articulation; the limbs become enfeebled and unsteady; the mind is partially deranged, being either worked up into fury, or reduced to ridiculous puerility; and if the stimulus be pushed even further than this, absolute insensibility ensues, accompanied with vomiting, and apparent lifelessness. Such is a brief view of the physical progress of a debauch; and to prove our conviction of the extreme culpability of this abuse, we shall briefly trace its ill effect upon the more important parts, which are subjected to its baneful influence.

As the stomach is the immediate receptacle of this stimulating fluid, it is the first organ which becomes affected by its virulence. Nausea, flatulence, heart-burn, with all the usual and most prominent symptoms of indigestion occur, more especially loss of appetite; the food taken by a confirmed sot being scarcely sufficient, apparently, to sustain life. The liver, with the other glands of the body, subservient to digestion, sympathizes in the derangement. The brain, also, participates in the injury sustained by the other parts; and there is either a constant head-ache, or a dizzy, muzzy, disagreeable sensation, inducing a strong desire to dose, and rendering the individual heavy, dull, and listless. A sure symptom of this effect upon the brain, and unerring characteristic of the condition of the patient, is a partial paralysis of the upper eye-lid, imparting to the eye an appearance of sleepiness. These structural derangements may go on increasing for some time, without proving fatal;—the termination, of course, depending upon the strength and stamina of the devotee. Very often, however, some serious affection of the liver or brain will occur, which, by its extent and intensity, will destroy life very rapidly. It is a common thing for persons addicted to drinking to die suddenly from apoplexy.

No one, after what we have said, can accuse us of advocating, nor even of countenancing, the twaddling propensities of the modern Pythagoreans; but we must, nevertheless, be allowed to reprobate the excessive use, or rather the abuse, of fermented liquors. Although wine was invented, and its use allowed "to make glad the heart of man;" and, although a moderate and prudent indulgence in it can never excite reprehension or cause mischief, still the sin of drunkenness is a withering and a filthy evil. Not only does it demoralize, debase, and finally destroy its unhappy victim, but it renders him incapable of performing the ordinary duties of his station, whatever that station may be, and constitutes him an object of disgust to others, and of pitiable misery to himself. It is well to talk of the Bacchanalian orgies

of talented men, and call them hilarity and glee,—to gloss over their foibles and vices, and place them to the account—not of indiscretion, but of venial weakness, and even simplicity of heart. The flashes of wit “that were wont to set the table in a roar,” the brilliancy of genius, that casts a charm even over sin and folly, the rank and fame of the gifted individual, increase, no doubt, the fascination of his failings;—but, however bright, startling, and even admirable may be the coruscations of his talent, while under the influence of wine, no sooner does the stimulus of the potation subside than the most brilliant mind is enfeebled, the sturdiest frame debilitated; and he, who but a few hours before was the idol of his companions, has degenerated into the tottering, imbecile, nervous, miserable sot. But this is a repulsive and disgusting subject, and we will not dwell any longer upon it.

Having thus temperately advocated the *use* of fermented liquors, and explained the evil consequences of their *abuse*, it is right that we should now point out the various chemical properties of the different species in common use. We shall avail ourselves, therefore, of all the information we can collect upon the subject, that our readers may see at one glance how far they are likely to be affected by the beverage which they are ordinarily accustomed to drink.

Of all fermented liquors, that brewed from malt and hops is the most wholesome and nutritious. Its principal component parts are sugar, mucilage, water, alcohol, a small portion of carbonic acid, and of sulphate of lime, with a slight tonic, astringent, aromatic, and narcotic property from the hops. Now it will be seen, that the majority of these ingredients are highly salutary; and as the others exist only in a small proportion, they cannot detract from or neutralize their good effects. The chemists tell us—and they tell us truly—that the London ale is a horrid and narcotic compound; but there are two or three honest men in the metropolis, who sell genuine Kennet, Nottingham, and Scotch ale, from whom it is easy to procure it unmixed and perfectly pure; and where individuals are prevented from brewing their own beer, they cannot do better than procure some of the genuine article to which we have alluded\*. Porter (we are speaking, it must be remembered, of *genuine* articles) is brewed in the same way as ale, with the exception of the malt being burnt, which imparts to that beverage its peculiar taste and colour. That “sophistications vile” are perpetrated, there is no doubt; but we believe that the adulteration is most frequently practised *after* the beer has left the brewery. Indeed, we have reason to know that some very pernicious preparations are often added to it by the retailer, amongst which, green copperas (*sulphate of iron*) is not the most virulent. If malt liquor should contain too much acid, it may be easily neutralized by the addition of any mild alkali, as the carbonates of soda or potass.

Ale and porter appear to belong almost exclusively to this country—in their full perfection they are undoubtedly indigenous. The natives

\* The best Kennet ale is to be had at Sherwood's in Vine Street, Piccadilly, or at Chapman's, in Wardour Street: both of these dealers have it direct from Kennet. Normington, near Fitzroy square, has, to use his own words, “a dépôt for the best Scotch Ale in the world.”



of Flanders have a thick, heavy, and glutinous compound, which *they* call ale; but it will bear no comparison to the invigorating beverage, which is quaffed here. Speaking of our malt liquor, one of the writers whom we have mentioned, says: "La bière légère étanche très-bien la soif.... Cette boisson est nourrissante, surtout quand elle est forte, comme le porter et l'aile ou ale d'Angleterre et d'Ecosse;" but he confesses that our stingo is very apt to play the devil with his countrymen, who are not accustomed to any thing half so potent. "En somme," he concludes, however, "la bière peu forte, ou légèrement étendue d'eau, est une boisson fort salubre, très propre à rafraîchir, et à faciliter la digestion\*."

But Wine is the beverage which chiefly demands our attention, no less for its variety, than from its almost universal potation. We shall only imitate our French Exemplars, if we begin by telling our readers, that wines consist of two distinguishing characteristics—red and white, the former being made from the grape with its husk unremoved, the latter from the juice only: so that the colouring matter is nothing more nor less than a dye from the skin of the grape, with all its astringent bitterness. "The numerous varieties of wine," says Dr. Andrew Duncan, "depend principally on the proportion of sugar contained in the must, and the manner of its fermentation. When the proportion of sugar is sufficient, and the fermentation complete, the wine is perfect and generous. If the quantity of sugar be too large, part of it remains undecomposed, as the fermentation is languid, and the wine is sweet and luscious; if, on the contrary, it be too small, the wine is thin and weak; and if it be bottled before the fermentation be completed, it will proceed slowly in the bottle, and, on drawing the cork, the wine will sparkle in the glass, as, for example, in Champagne. When the must is separated from the husk of the grape, before it is fermented, the wine has little or no colour: these are called white wines. If, on the contrary, the husks are allowed to remain in the must, while the fermentation is going on, the alcohol dissolves the colouring matter of the husks, and the wine is coloured: such are called red wines. Besides in these principal circumstances, wines vary much in flavour."

It is an object to every wine-drinker to obtain good wine, and the means of doing so are simple enough. Go to a good merchant, and pay a good price. "If you are particular about the *quality* of your wine," says Dr. Kitchener, "the less you ask about the price or the measure of it, the better—if you are not, bargain as hard as you please. With this caution, and with another, which is, not to keep wine *too long*†, the most fastidious wine-bibber may be pleased."

Our attention is now directed to those articles of food, which con-

\* Précis Élémentaire d'Hygiène. Par MM. Buchez et Trelat, &c. &c. p. 167.

† The rage for superannuated wine is one of the most ridiculous, vulgar errors of modern epicurism. "The bee's wing," "thick crust," loss of strength, &c., which wine-fanciers consider the beauty of their tawny favourite, "fine old Port," are forbidding manifestations of decomposition, and of the departure of some of the best qualities of the wine.—*Kitchener*. Wines bottled in good order, may be fit to drink in six months, (especially if bottled in October,) but they are not in perfection before twelve. From that to two years they may continue so; but it would be improper to keep them longer, *Encyclop. Britan.*, vol. xviii., *sub voce* "Wine."

stitute the *edible* portion of our diet; and as we do not intend to be very learned on the subject, we shall take for our guide that portion of the "*Encyclopédie Portative*," which is devoted to the consideration of the "*Effets des alimens considérés d'une manière générale*;" reserving to ourselves the privilege of introducing such illustrations from other authors, as may tend more clearly to elucidate our subject.

In the first place we must observe, that the object of eating is not, exclusively, the satisfying of the appetite. It is true, that the sensation of hunger admonishes us, and, indeed, impels us, to supply those wants, which the machine, by the due performance of its several functions, demands; and that the abatement of this sensation betokens that such want has been supplied. So far, the satisfying of the appetite is a matter of consideration; but a prudent person will take proper cognizance of the mode in which the appetite is best satisfied; that is, he will observe how the frame is best nourished, the appetite being fully satisfied at the same time: for this ought to be the chief object of feeding. There is much truth in the homely adage, that "what is one man's meat is another man's poison;" and a person who has been *musseled*\*, will, if he wishes to enjoy his health, rigidly eschew that piscatory poison. So, also, will an individual, with a bilious and dyspeptic habit, avoid fat pork, and other delicacies of a like nature; he will not, from a similar feeling, indulge in vegetables, however greatly he may feel disposed to do so. Captain Barclay, who was a clever fellow in his way, informs us, in his *Art of Training*, that our health, vigour, and activity—to which he might have added our comfort—must depend upon our diet and exercise.

Every thing that we eat or drink becomes in some measure, and to a certain extent, incorporated with our frames; and in a manner so subtle and perfect, that it behoves us to be especially careful how we feed ourselves—careful as to the quantity as well as to the quality of our food. It is extremely unwise to distend the stomach at any time; for it is a rule in the animal economy, that if any of the muscular cavities of the body, as the stomach, the heart, the bowels, &c., be too much stretched, their tonicity is weakened, and their powers impaired. This, by the way, is an old doctrine, and the principle of Mr. Abernethy's plan of treatment is founded upon it. Dr. Bailey - wrote a judicious tract on the *Preservation of the Eye-sight*, (16mo. 1673) remarks, that "it is holden better to drink oft and small draughts at meat, than seldom and great draughts, for so meat and drink will better mingle." This swilling of the stomach is certainly

\* We frequently hear very terrible and awful accounts of people being *musseled*; and it is generally supposed that the mischief is produced by some specifically poisonous quality in the fish. We have seen many cases, but we cannot discover any thing confirmative of this popular opinion. In some instances, only one of a family has been affected, while all have partaken of the *same* mussels. We have known precisely the same symptoms produced by pork, salt beef, lobsters, and other shell-fish; and can attribute them to nothing more than an aggravated state of indigestion, dependent upon a certain deranged condition of the patient's stomach. The medical reader will find a very able paper upon this interesting subject in the "*Transactions of the Associated Apothecaries of England and Wales*," a work abounding in sound, practical information. The paper alluded to, was communicated, we believe, by the late Mr. Haden, a gentleman of very great talent and experience.



a great evil, especially with an acrid or a stimulant fluid. It is the quantity more than the quality of the tea, which so frequently debilitates the stomach, not but that strong green tea possesses a sedative virtue, and that to a considerable extent; but when the stomach is distended with a pint or more of fluid, its functions are oppressed, and a debility of its tone or of its elasticity ensues\*. We may observe *en passant*, that a habit which "reading men" at college, and elsewhere, so freely indulge in—that, namely, of drinking inordinate quantities of tea, for the purpose of keeping their faculties vigilant, is a most mischievous one. The combined evils arising from thus trifling with and teasing the stomach, and, at the same time, from leading very studious and sedentary lives, derange the health of the students, and frequently lay the foundation of the most obstinate nervous affections.

A question here presents itself, which we ought not to pass by. Is it prejudicial to health to drink at all when we are eating? Mr. Abernethy's interdiction will immediately occur to our readers; and as the *rationale* of that talented philosopher has been greatly misconceived, and, consequently, very vehemently abused, we shall enter a little into its discussion. We need hardly inform our readers, that digestion is a compound action, depending upon the muscular action of the stomach, upon a proper degree of warmth, and, lastly and principally, upon the specific operations of the gastric juice. You may reduce any article of food to a pulp by exposing it to the simple process of maceration in a certain temperature; but digestion is not maceration; and without a due and wholesome supply of gastric juice, that important change could not be effected in the food, which renders it fit for amalgamation with the blood. Now, we think it stands fairly to reason, that in a stomach, the powers of which are impaired, no matter in what way, or by what cause, it is a grand point for the invalid to contribute as much as possible to the renovation of those impaired powers. The gastric juice, we have just seen, is the menstruum which effects digestion; and in nine cases out of ten,—indeed, we may say, in every individual case of dyspepsia, the malady and all its miseries depend upon a bad or imperfect supply of this salutary fluid. Reasoning upon this fact, Mr. Abernethy, with his accustomed acumen, concluded, that any dilution of a fluid, already vitiated or scanty, would necessarily detract from its virtues; and, therefore, he forbade the patient to take any drink, until the gastric juice had begun to act upon the food. Of course this applies only to a weak and deranged stomach; but we think, in this instance, that Mr. Abernethy is rather too strongly bigoted to his system, and we will briefly explain why we think so.

The gastric juice is supplied by numerous minute vessels, which are profusely distributed on the inner lining of the stomach; and as soon as the organ is stimulated by the introduction of food, the vessels are set into action, so as to pour out their contents. This being the case, we cannot see why, when the stomach is debilitated, some gentle

\* Blumenbach, in his *Physiology*, informs us that the human stomach of the adult is capable of containing about three quarts of fluid. We presume that the measurement was made after death, as no *living* stomach could possibly endure such cramming.

stimulus—over and above that of the food—should not be administered, to excite the stomach into more energetic action, and to produce a more copious supply of gastric juice. A glass or two of white wine could not, therefore, prove pernicious; instead of diluting the secretion of the stomach, it would add both to its quantity and quality. Let us, then, take the middle path; and while we sincerely deprecate dilution, let us not wholly abjure a gentle stimulus.

To return, however, to our subject, Under ordinary circumstances the consideration of diet might be rendered very simple, if people would but make it so. "The best general rule for diet, that I can write," says Dr. Kitchener, who, amongst a vast quantity of trash and nonsense, has contrived to dove-tail now and then a sensible remark, "is to eat and drink only of such foods—at such times—and in such quantities—as experience has convinced you agree with your constitution;—and absolutely to avoid all other\*." After all, "*temperantia medicina optima est*;" and we should bear in mind a quaint apophthegm in "*Lacon*," namely, that "the excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age; payable with interest, about twenty years after date." All excess must be bad, not only in its immediate effect, but in its ultimate consequence; and we most cordially agree with the authors of "*L'Encyclopédie Portative*," when they observe, "*Si les alimens sont pris en quantité modérée, c'est-à-dire, si l'individu ne va jamais jusqu'à la satiété, ils accomplissent parfaitement leur but, sans que leur ingestion dans l'estomac et leur passage dans les voies circulatoires déterminent ni malaise, ni accablement, ni fatigue, ni agitation.*"

[To be concluded in our next.]

### AMERICAN CRITICISM.

It was well said by Dr. Johnson, that "the chief glory of a people is its authors." It is in its literature, more than in anything else, that the mind of a nation expresses itself; it is there we have that mind in its most spiritualized essence and highest power; and it is there that it is enshrined, both most enduringly and so as to cast most diffusely abroad, and to send deepest into many hearts, whatever of splendour or beauty may belong to it. If there be any meaning in the term, a nation or people—if it denote anything more than merely a local fragment of the earth's population, so many miles long and so many broad, like the rectangular kingdoms and principalities established by the Congress of Vienna, in which souls were split into halves and quarters, according as they happened to lie under the unrelenting shadow of the dictator's sword,—every people must have its own character just as every individual has—and this character will evince itself, and may be read throughout the whole part which it plays in the drama of the world's history. It has often been asked,

\* The Art of Invigorating and Prolonging Life.—4th. Ed. p. 33.



whether or no the particular form of a nation's social institutions necessarily exerts any influence over the cast and quality of its literature—and many ingenious theories have been excogitated to determine the principles according to which the one of these things acts upon the other, and the nature and amount of the effect with which it operates. Now it is undoubtedly true that, in so far as the government established in any particular country is the result of what we may call accidental causes, or, in other words, has owed its origin, or the fashion it has taken, not to the free and natural working of the national spirit, but to events in the production of which the nation had little or no share; such as a conquest by the overwhelming numbers of a foreign host, or the usurpation of a dexterous or fortunate adventurer in a moment of civil confusion, that, which has forced everything else, will, in some degree, force the growth and direction of literature also, and the works that are produced will shew that the very intellect of the people has been enslaved. Thus, in our own history, we should mention the unfortunate circumstances which attended the Restoration—the tide of foreign frivolity, which was brought in upon us by the habits and connexions of the new court, and that position of things at home which gave to the tastes and example of the court so lamentable an ascendancy in the country—as accidental influences, not springing at all out of the soil of the English mind, but operating upon it, which for a time changed altogether the old character of its produce of every description, and cast a blight upon our literature especially, which it felt for considerably more than a century, if it may be deemed to have even yet entirely recovered from it. But these are, after all, and at the most, but temporary elements of disturbance, the fact of the occasional intrusion of which does not affect the general truth, that a people's government and institutions, being themselves the growth and manifestation of its moral and intellectual character, not less than its literature, the origin of whatever at least is fundamental and constituent in the latter is not to be sought in the former, but in that common parent of which both are equally the offspring. It is only the national mind shooting forth at the same time in two different directions—the light giving itself out in diverging rays, which, however far separated at the one extremity, are united in a single point at the other. Not that the two emanations may not also give and receive from one another; but it is not this process of mutual reflection that confers its being and character upon either. Each is, in all material respects, an independent derivation—only influencing and influenced by the other in the degree in which any two elements will naturally act, and be acted on, when operating in combination.

It were an inquiry worth the attention of philosophy to review, with reference to this consideration, the principal nations both of antiquity and of modern times, and to compare together their literature on the one hand, with their social institutions and civil history on the other. Such an investigation, if rightly conducted, might fairly be expected to throw not a little of new light on the real character of each of the different races and communities that have figured in the tale of human affairs, and thereby to let us into a more intimate acquaintance with

that of which common history tells us so little, or so little that we can rely upon—the spirit and actuating principle of each scene of the mighty drama. The history of nations would then no longer present us with merely a confusing succession of unconnected exhibitions, the movers in which seem to us to be often as little under the control of any intelligible system in shifting their positions, as so many clouds of dust blown about by the winds;—but we should discern throughout the whole an order and harmony, if not so luminous and susceptible of precise assignment as that of the mechanism of the heavens, at least equal to what we find in every tolerably-constructed moral fiction. In writing the history even of any single people, surely but little is done if there be no effort made to discover, and keep constantly in view, the true elements of its genius and character; and yet how seldom is this attempted or thought of?—this, which it would seem strange to neglect in the biography of an individual, and unpardonable in the case of the humblest personage introduced to utter three sentences in a novel? A history of any nation, which does not develop the character of that nation, is really not its history at all. Such a work may, and generally does, contain in it a multitude of histories of the more conspicuous individuals who have at different times arisen in the nation; but of the nation itself it is not a history, but a chronology. Is the history of a people to be told in the same way as would be that of Trajan's Pillar or Cleopatra's Needle?

Perhaps the country that, more than any other, engages the attention of mankind in our day, is the United States of America. We do not say that the people of this country are, either on account of their character or their actual achievements, the most interesting on the face of the globe; but in their accidental position they unquestionably are. If we thought, as many do, that they had already completed their grand experiment in government and social regeneration, we should scarcely perhaps say this; but regarding them, as we do, as still on their trial before the world and in the midst of their voyage onward to a mighty fulfilment, or a still mightier failure, we cannot but feel them to be placed as no other nation is for drawing to them the gaze of a liberal and philosophical curiosity. The subject of the hopes and fears that may be felt with regard to them is, in its general scope, greatly too wide a one for us even to enter upon here; but we may possibly take a future opportunity of hazarding a few remarks upon it, when we can give it our undivided attention. In the mean time we have a very few words to say on a sample of the popular literature of our transatlantic brethren, which now lies before us—'The North American Review,' which we noticed, with other American periodicals, in our Number for September last. The last number that has appeared of this work is the sixty-second, dated January in the present year.

The first article in the present number, and perhaps the one of greatest pretension which it contains, purports to be a review of Mr. Hunt's late work on Lord Byron, which, however, the writer dismisses in a single introductory paragraph, devoting the remainder of his space to a dissertation on the Decline of Poetry, of which he is pleased to say Mr. Hunt's name and writings, by a very easy and natural as-



sociation, remind him. This article is not an unfavourable specimen of that tranchant style of criticism which a few years ago used to be so fashionable among ourselves, but which, we are happy to think, has of late begun rapidly to give place to a more genial manner of estimating both the beauties and the faults, the powers and the weaknesses, of gifted minds. In the times to which we allude our critics used to write, even when in their best humour, and while descanting on the works of the greatest authors of the age, much in the style in which the keepers of menageries are wont to expatiate to the company in exhibiting their wild beasts, mixing, with the most lordly flippancy imaginable, their tones and accents of authority with those of condescending patronage, almost, one would have thought, as if they really took themselves to belong to a different species from the poor devil of a poet, or other man of genius, whom they had got caged and were stirring up with the long pole for their own diversion and that of their readers. Any expression of reverence or humble affection for the noble nature of him whom they had thus summoned into their presence they never for a moment dreamed of giving way to. If the lion had a peculiarly majestic gait, or richly flowing mane, they pointed it out to be sure; but it was principally that they might shew their own critical cleverness in detecting the feature, much in the same manner as you might point out in a garden with your walking-stick a fine specimen of a grub or a caterpillar. These were certainly the golden days of critics, if not of criticism. Our reviewers were then the throned sovereigns of the world of literature, at least in their own estimation; and so imposing for a time is mere pretension, that they were actually looked up to and dreaded as such by no small a proportion of the rest of the public. We have, however, as we have said, considerably reformed all this now; the pert scribblers of our reviews and magazines have been taught their proper place; and how infinitely their place is below that, of many at least, of those on whom they were wont to lavish so liberally their insolent ridicule or more offensive courtesies. The several causes to which we are indebted for this revolution we have no time at present to inquire into; but we should despise ourselves if we could be withheld by any feelings, as to other matters, from acknowledging how much of it we owe to the example of one celebrated periodical—'Blackwood's Magazine'—which has, from the very first, lifted a voice of powerful eloquence against the wretched assumption to which we have been adverting, and most ably vindicated that rightful supremacy of genius which it had become so much the fashion among our mere men of talent to forget. On the other side of the Atlantic, however, if we may judge by the disquisition before us, reviewers have scarcely yet learned to think that there is any one greater than themselves, or in speaking of whom it becomes them to use any other language than such as a schoolmaster would employ in catechising his pupils, or a draper in passing sentence on the quality of a web of broadcloth. This is a smartly-enough-written article; but the tone of it is really from beginning to end, to our taste, insufferably offensive. We do not greatly complain of the summary style in which Mr. Hunt's literary merits are dismissed; although, without any wish to deny or palliate the affectations and other littlenesses which are to be

found in his works, we hold much of his poetry, and a good deal of his prose, in considerably higher estimation than this critic, because he is evidently mentioned merely for the purpose of introducing another subject which alone there is any attempt to discuss seriously and at length. But our lively scribe is, in truth, quite as much at his ease among the greatest names of the age, and of all ages, as he is among the least; and discourses about Byron, and Wordsworth, and Coleridge, and "the good old way of Milton and Pope," almost as flippantly as about Mr. Hunt himself. By-the-bye, what may be this same "way of Milton and Pope," which we find so repeatedly recommended as the only model of excellence in these pages? Does this writer really imagine these two poets to be of the same school? or to have any remarkable characteristics in common? except, indeed, that they neither of them belong to the present age, which is, to be sure, a most admirable reason for describing them as writing in "one way." We can only say that we dissent from our critic here, and also in many of his other opinions; as for example, when he affirms that "there can be no doubt that poetry has been losing the public favour," (his leading proposition,) and that "the poets of the present century have contributed to the disrespect into which their art has fallen;" and that "the only thing approaching to a standard of taste is the sentiment of the greatest proportion of men;" and that "Byron's smaller pieces are those of his writings most likely to be admired in future times;" and that "next to Byron we must place Campbell;" and that "Wordsworth," the poet who has, in fact, revolutionized our poetry, "has had less influence on the public mind than any distinguished writer of the age;" and that "Coleridge has been fortunate enough to maintain the reputation of a great genius *merely* on the strength of his *Ancient Mariner*;" and multitudes of other assertions of a similar order which meet us in every page of the article. Superficial, however, and as we cannot help thinking, positively erroneous as is much of the philosophy of the disquisition, it is, as we have already said, cleverly written, and contains a good deal of very felicitous expression. We were struck particularly with the passage in which Campbell is described, in allusion to the *Essay on English Poetry*, in the first volume of his *Specimens*, as having been employed in "building the tombs of the older prophets in a beautiful criticism," and with the other place where it is said of Byron, among the recollections of Rome, that "he seems like a guide walking mysteriously through the city, and when he comes to some striking fragment of antiquity, turning upon it the strong light of his dark lantern." Both these figures are worthy of poetry.

Perhaps the most powerful article in the number is that on Austin's *Life of Elbridge Gerry*, one of the eminent founders of American freedom, who died in 1814. We have not many passages in our modern literature more profound and eloquent than the following:—

"We are well convinced, that, in after ages, one of the most important points of view, under which the American revolution will be scrutinized by the friends of liberty and the student of history, may be that of a great school of freedom, in which other times may find the most instructive lessons, as to the methods by which a republican independence can most successfully be



attempted. If we trace back our history to the cradle of the commonwealth, we find that after liberty of conscience, the first thing needful, the understanding must be enlightened, and the means of education provided ; in order that the reasoning mind, which in its liberty of conscience has acquired the right to think, may be enabled to think rightfully, liberally, and wisely. Without this preparation, strength is brute force ; and numbers, wealth, and what we may call statistical prosperity, can serve only to make a valuable colony—never a hopeful commonwealth. When a revolution, then, is to take place, let it, according to the great example of our fathers, begin far back with that which is the glory of human nature,—the calm, decided energetic operation of the *reason* of the people ; diffusively, in the common sense of the mass ; eminently, in the strong conviction of the gifted minds. A just and hopeful political reform must first disclose itself, as such, in this way ; for *reason*, deciding, reflective reason, is the great glory of our nature ; and that which makes one mortal being superior to another, and nearer the immortal and Supreme, is the elevation and correctness of his intelligence.

“When by education the mind of the country is prepared ; when the faculties of the gifted few are prepared to lead, and of the intelligent mass to follow, then, in a well-conducted revolution, ensues the purest and chastest operation of intellect,—that by which the rights of the people and the duties of the crisis are, in the various forms of *written discourse*, powerfully set forth and brought home to the community, and made familiar to its members. After the unexpressed, the inexpressible, the purely ethereal operations of mind, that which approaches nearest to them is the silent voice of reason, in the retirement of the closet. It does not supersede, it awakens the independent action of other minds. It suggests the theme, but affords space for meditation, for qualification, it may be, for correction. It is the most transparent veil, the most spiritual incarnation, in which the word can be made manifest. Here, too, is the highest test of comparative merit which man can apply. Of the inward exercises of pure reason man cannot judge ; nor how much those of one intellect exceed those of another. But when the truth of a cause and the strength of its supporters are brought to the test of a written exposition and defence, we are then furnished with the first and surest means of judging of its truth, and of the power and light with which it has been conceived and taken up. The whole history of the colonies, down to the year 1760, presents us with the illustrations of this stage of an orderly revolution.

“Lower in the scale is the agency by which the cause, thus prepared in the consciences, convictions, and reason of men, is to win its way to the favour of the less reflecting portion of the community, or to gain a majority of voices in the primary and popular assemblies. This is the agency of *public speaking*, an instrument less chaste indeed and intellectual than that of written discourse, yet liberal and generous in its nature. But it necessarily borrows not a little from physical accidents ; it addresses a taste less severe ; it looks more to the side of the passions, and less to that of the reason, and is not so necessarily the expression of native power, and independent thought. Moreover, till the understanding of the best and most solid portion of the community has been enlightened, and they are well taught in the principles of reform, it is premature to put the multitudinous assemblies in action, by the sympathetic fervour of popular eloquence. But when each of these in its place has been done ; when the understandings of the people have comprehended the principles of the proposed reform, and their reason has felt its necessity ; when, in the large cities or in the crowded audiences elsewhere convened, their spirits have been wrought up to a certain passionate enthusiasm, by the eloquence of fervid appeals, then they have reached what may be called the maturity of preparation. They are ripe for the reform they demand. From the year 1760 to 1775 may be considered the period, in America, of this second stage of preparation.

"If arbitrary power be still opposed to the acknowledgment of their rights, nothing further is needed than to raise *the arm of flesh*,—the humble but faithful minister of the righteous will of an enlightened and enkindled people, resolved to be free. This, of course, is an agency still lower in its character, partaking of mechanical impulse, and brute violence; but ennobled by a noble cause, and necessary in the conflict with the like force, exerted in an opposite direction.

"Such is the wholesome gradation of the energies of a people, trained up in orderly discipline, to a seasonable and auspicious independence. It is of such a revolution and such an one alone, that it can be said, in any hopeful sense, *Vestigia nulla retrorsum*. But woe to the misguided nation that inverts the succession of the powers and talents, by which alone a great and genial efficacy in human affairs can be exerted; whose mighty masses are put prematurely in motion; whose popular assemblies are hurried into hasty and unconsidered measures; and who are obliged slowly and sadly to go back to the heavenly directress,—the counsels of calm reason,—to repair the errors, into which they had been plunged by following their passionate guides. It would be easy to point out, in the history of the French revolution, a complete contrast to the American, and to show that the prosperous issue of one and the disastrous miscarriages of the other proceeded from a complete inversion of the natural order of the talents, by which a movement ought to be given to political affairs. It is necessary, to avoid misconception, to add, that the talents of written discourse, popular eloquence, and physical action do not necessarily exist alone, each exclusively of the others. There are rare instances, where they are all united. They were eminently so in Julius Cæsar, who wanted nothing but good moral qualities, to make him the paragon of humanity; being, as he was, the most elegant writer, the happiest popular speaker, and the ablest general in Rome. Less rare are the cases where two of the three great qualities are united in the same individual. We have compared them above only as possessed, and brought into operation, singly and each exclusively of the others; that is, as much so as any one quality of rational man can be exclusive of all the others."

Article sixth, on Washington Irving's *Life of Columbus*, is very ably and gracefully written; and, considering that it is the performance of a writer who frankly professes himself to be a personal friend of Mr. Irving, and therefore unavoidably somewhat of an ultra in his admiration of that gentleman, may be deemed, upon the whole, a fair and moderate effusion. It is to be sure violently national, as the whole number is, and will probably be thought by many to throw too much of the *coulour de rose* into both its retrospect and its anticipation of American literature: but this is no more than we ought to expect and to make allowance for. We regret, for our own parts, that we are too little familiar with the poetical productions either of Mr. Barlow, General Humphreys, or Doctor Timothy Dwight, the three sires, it would seem, of the minstrelsy of the United States, to be able to say whether or no they deserve the patriotic commendations here bestowed upon them. Mr. Irving's works, however, we know tolerably well, and, making due abatement for the operation of the circumstance we have mentioned, we are content to subscribe to nearly all that is said by this writer of the merits of what he has already done. His language is remarkable, we agree, for "a continual and sustained elegance," although not for "energy," nor the frequent occurrence of "any extraordinary happiness or brilliancy of mere expression." It is quite true, also, we think, that he has not much of a philosophical mind, that his



works contain no instance of an attempt at the sublime; that it is humour which is obviously his forte, while "his purely pathetic essays, though occasionally pleasing, are more generally somewhat tame and spiritless;" and that, as a writer of serious biography and history, he possesses the merit of plain and elegant narrative, but does not aspire to the higher palm of just and deep thought in the investigation of causes and effects, that constitutes the distinction of the real historian." To all this, we repeat, which is a summary, almost in his own words, of what the reviewer describes as "the general characteristics of the style and substance of the works of Mr. Irving," we are quite willing to assent. But really, we see nothing in the qualities here enumerated to entitle even his personal friend to anticipate, as is done in a succeeding page, that Mr. Irving's fame may probably be yet destined to rise to an equality with, or superiority over, that of both Moore and Scott,—on no better grounds than that the "Life of Columbus" has been, it seems, a more successful publication, or is in reality a better book, than either the Sheridan of the one, or the Napoleon of the other; and that the two European writers have already done their best, while the talent of the American "seems to be still in a state of progress." Even allowing the case as to these matters to be as it is stated, we confess we think the conclusion arrived at, one of the wildest we ever recollect seeing seriously maintained anywhere. For, be it observed, that it is not as biographers only that our two illustrious countrymen are here quoted as likely to be at some future time surpassed by Mr. Irving; as such, they are conceived to have been completely surpassed by him already; and the thing that is expressly anticipated, is, that his fame is in the end to eclipse that which they now enjoy, considered generally as authors and men of genius:—one of them standing, almost by universal confession, at the head of the world's living literature! Really this is one of the best jokes American vanity has yet supplied us with. A prophet, it is said, has no honour in his own country; but if the seer to whom we are indebted for this bright vision be rejected at home, his lot may be considered as rather an unfortunate one—for we are sure he will be laughed at every where else.

The concluding paper is devoted to a review of Duke Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar's lately published Travels in North America. In this article too we have not a little of the sensitive vanity of the national character. The Duke's somewhat dull performance is treated gently enough; and we believe the greater part is extracted of what it contains worth reading. It is remarked, with a sneer, that on taking up his abode at the Exchange Coffee-house in Boston, "it does not even occur to him to jest at finding a colonel in an innkeeper." Now, for our own parts, we really hold our brother Jonathan in great respect, and certainly should never be moved seriously to think the less of him in consequence of its being no uncommon speculation for his field officers to open public houses in the interval of their campaigns: such, it seems, is the military etiquette in the country, and that is all. But really, with our conceptions and associations touching colonels and tavern-keepers, it is too much to expect that we should not smile at the exquisitely bizarre notion of any one gravely officiating in both capacities: it is positively, to our imaginations, a plurality of a singularly

comical cast. Perhaps our wiser brother is above all these weaknesses of the old world: to him it might seem perfectly fit and becoming for the president himself, if so it like him, to eke out his income by taking a needle in his hand and mending his neighbour's old clothes at his leisure moments. It is an honest occupation, and well suited, from the lightness of the labour, for a few hours of evening industry, by way of supplement to the heavier toils of the day. But, although this may possibly be the view that pure reason and our brother Jonathan would take of the matter, we are free to confess, that to our frailer and less philosophical humanity it will present itself, do what we can, in a somewhat different light. We must be allowed to smile, if we should die for it, at such curious violations of our accustomed ideas of relation and incongruity; but we mean no harm to any body by our innocent levity, unless, indeed, it be intended to put an end to the sense of the ridiculous altogether. We do not see upon what principle these same innkeeping colonels are to be held sacred from an occasional joke.

But, in truth, our good cousins are much too touchy as to these matters. They evidently regard all the rest of the world as joined in a conspiracy to laugh at them, and keep themselves in a perpetual fever by expecting nothing else than a fresh insult from every one that notices them. Now the fact is, as far as we can observe, that they are quite as ready to note the faults and foibles of their neighbours, and to plume themselves on any decided superiority they may fancy they have over the other nations of the earth, as any people that ever existed. We need go no further for evidence of this, than to the article before us. How delighted, for example, is the writer to be able to quote the good duke's averment, that the "houses and rooms of the Bostonians are much larger, richer, better lighted, and more airy than the English;" and a little after his other remark, that when among the Oneida Indians he first thought himself in civilized Europe because children came up to the carriage to beg. And how high a tone of dudgeon, on the other hand, does he take at even the shadow of an imputation on any man, woman, or thing that has the honour of being American. See the indignant, but we must say rather lumbering, apology for the negro slavery of the southern states; and the manner in which the white inhabitants there hold themselves entitled to treat their darker coloured fellow-countrymen. See, too, the dignified rebuke administered to the duke for daring to call in question the taste of the Pennsylvanians in the fine arts. He had ventured to assert of West's picture of Christ healing the Sick, that neither the composition nor execution of it seemed good; adding, "perhaps it is only here where they are unaccustomed to see great and well-executed paintings, that this would excite the great admiration it has done." "This," remarks the reviewer, "is saying too much. *It would have been quite enough to deny the merit of the picture, without denying the competency of its admirers to judge at all.*"

There are several other able and interesting articles in the number, which we cannot afford to notice:—and upon the whole it is impossible not to regard this periodical in its present state as exceedingly creditable to the rising literature of America.



## A VISIT TO HAZELWOOD SCHOOL.

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*To the EDITOR of the "London Magazine."*

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MY dear ———, I have at length put into practice my long-formed intention of going to see Hazelwood ; and I sit down to give you an account of my visit, which I hope you will think suited to your magazine. I have often wondered, indeed, that no one has ever given such an account to the world, considering the sudden celebrity Hazelwood acquired some years ago by the publication of the account of the system, coupled with the general notice given to it by all the chief literary journals of the time. The success of the school had long been steady and strong, but it now came into general notoriety, and gave rise to much controversy, its supporters being those who really looked into and studied its principles, and thence saw their necessary results ; while its opposers were, for the most part, those who, whenever they hear of any thing in the shape of amendment, immediately cry out "Innovation !" a word which they really have, by dint of misusing, corrupted from its original sense ; for to most ears it now conveys what those worthy gentlemen actually think a part of it, namely, Innovation *for the worse*.

I am quite aware that persons of this class will say that the following statement is written by a partisan of Hazelwood School : that I am such a partisan I at once admit, but I have become so solely from the attention I have paid to the system, and thence from my firm conviction of the logical necessity of such a system working the noblest good. If the merits of the establishment itself have made me its partisan, the word should be used in its real, and not in its invidious, sense.

The first thing that must strike any visitor to Hazelwood who looks on attentively, is the constant and perfect working of some of the finest principles of human nature ; yet to the majority of the boys it is of course unconsciously effected, and certainly without the least didactic formality or ostentatious display. The older boys, no doubt, upon whose minds these principles have been acting for years, trace at last the effects to their causes, and learn to value and to love them accordingly. But this arises from no pedantic precepts laid down without immediate application ; on the contrary, the results of true principle cause the mind to run back till it arrives at the precept which they at once spring from, illustrate, and render of value. This is another illustration of the great Hazelwood principle of more direct tuition, of which, very possibly, even its directors have not observed the application in this instance. In their account of the best mode of teaching languages, we find the following :—"We would store the mind of the learner with many examples, before we call upon him to classify them, and deduce from them rules and general principles." How much better this mode is for the acquisition of language than the old one, I shall probably have occasion to notice as I go along. But it is equally

just with regard to morals, as to mere words; here, the examples are those of every hour in every day; and the mind must be indeed dull that does not by degrees "classify them," and ultimately "deduce from them rules and general principles."

The most prominent of these is the thoroughly pervading spirit of TRUTH, which exists within the walls of Hazelwood. It is quite manifest, that the very shadow of falsity,—nay, I might almost say, the idea of its existence, scarcely ever crosses the mind of a single boy in the school. I hope none of your readers will consider me imbued with the spirit of Munchausen, because I express surprise at this. Some of your fair readers, whose education has been in the midst of their own families, may probably exclaim, "What, is this man surprised that gentlemen's sons speak truth?" Let them turn to their brothers, and, if they have been at any public school, nay, at any school of the old stamp, ask them the following question: What would have been thought, by his school-fellows, of a boy who, on a fault being publicly announced by the master, with the query of "Who did it?" answered at once, "It was I?" The brother will certainly answer, "Pooh! no master would have been so absurd as to set about an enquiry in that fashion; for he would be right well aware that no boy in the school would be *idiot* enough to betray himself." Nay, allow me to beg the ladies above-mentioned to ask their brothers whether they can deny the following allegation;—if they can, they have not been at any of our great schools, or of those conducted on similar principles: I make it without any qualification, and I am certain that any one who *has* been at those schools will say it is true to the letter, unless the very habits on which I am commenting still stick about him. If a boy be accused of a fault that he *has* committed, he will be thought the more of by his school-fellows, considered the "finer fellow," in exact proportion with the degree of ingenious falsehoods which he invents to accomplish his escape! Can any of you deny this?—None.

Having had the happiness of being myself bred under an improving system like this, I think, my dear —, I may be pardoned if I tell you that when, as I was walking with a young relation of mine who has just gone to Hazelwood, he chanced to mention an instance of self-accusation, as a matter of course, I exclaimed, "What?" in a most sonorous tone, as I stopped short in surprise. Some persons may think this a most trifling thing. Let him compare a system in which truth is so thoroughly imbued in the every-day practice as not to be considered a merit at all with one where falsehood, if ingenious, *is* considered a merit. It may be said, that this is the direct opposite to the recognised doctrines of the school;—that the masters disapprove of it—It exists, though. How are they to stop it? I don't know; but it does not exist at Hazelwood.

I am quite aware that even some of the teachers at Hazelwood will think I am making a great rout about nothing. Indeed, one of those gentlemen who had been bred there seemed scarcely able to understand what I meant when I said something to the effect of what you have just read. He appeared at a loss to conceive that at any of our great schools a system of feeling among the boys could exist which casts no



shame upon the use of this craft, concealment, and falsehood, for self-screening in wrong. Yet such the practice at our great schools is.

It so happened that I saw the very instance of truth, which gave rise to my surprise at its being a matter of course, put into practice. At the general muster after breakfast I was present; the muster was gone through in that manner which has attracted so much attention, and which, from the necessary length of detail in the description, has had intricacy imputed to it; I can only say, that the comparison which arose in my mind was, that a person never having seen a watch would scarcely be able to form an idea, from a description of its mechanical construction, of the beautiful simplicity of the manner in which the hands point the time. And thus it may be, with this mode of ascertaining the presence of all the boys. I dare not, after what I have said, go into a detailed description of it; but the following I believe to be its main points. It is preceded by the bell ringing for two minutes, to collect the boys from every quarter of the premises. As they assemble, they form their ranks; but this part of the process I did not witness, as they were in order when I entered. The band was then ready to play, which it almost immediately did. It is during this period that those whose duty it is, look over the ranks, so as to be able to make the rapid returns of which I shall presently speak. The performance of the band was, I must say, excellent, the time was admirably perfect, and the taste and execution were both exceedingly good. When the band ceased, a boy, who had been watching the clock, called out four minutes and some seconds. A boy who was on the raised platform on which I was standing with some of the masters, repeated this aloud; it meant, as I gathered, that it was the time that had elapsed from the period at which the bell began to ring. A boy in the second rank from the platform called out "One wanting in (I think) the eighth rank," and declared his name; and a similar declaration was made in two other instances, one of them announcing the absence of two. The same boys then called out the numbers that were present in their ranks, each adding his number to that announced by the one preceding. A voice, I could not exactly distinguish whose, but I believe it was a teacher's, added the number of the complete ranks; and the registrar, also adding that of the absentees, said, "which completes the list." The boy watching the clock again exclaimed the time, which was, as far as my memory serves me, something more than five minutes since the bell began. I regret much I did not note down at the moment what was the exact time of the calling the numbers, &c., which was also announced; but I really scarcely could follow the whole—and I had so much to remember afterwards, that the precise number of seconds escaped me, but they were considerably under a minute. The word "Form!" was then given; the boys formed into the respective classes which were about to be heard, and they marched away to their different rooms. During, or rather at the beginning of, this time, the registrar ran over the names of absentees to a teacher, who had a list of those who had recognised causes of absence; and there were no others.

It was immediately before the boys formed to march off, when it was ascertained that the whole school was assembled, except those

whose absence was unavoidable, that the announcements were made to which I have alluded. They were preceded by some of a scholastic nature, given out by one of the sons of the principal, who is himself a teacher; upon his concluding, one of the older boys, who held some office of responsibility, the exact name of which I did not catch, called out "there have been some windows broken at ———," describing some particular locality;—"let any boys who have thrown stones near there for the last six weeks, hold up their hands:"—and four boys immediately did. Some small irregularity of the day before was detected in a similar manner; and a loss was announced, with a direction for the finder to bring the thing found to a given individual. These matters are not, and should not be, considered trifling; they give habits of regularity, of steadiness, and, above all, of honourable frankness and truth, which tend in the very strongest degree to the formation of a valuable and virtuous character. I shall notice a few more of these general principles, to which I am inclined to attach so much importance, before I follow the boys into their various classrooms.

I have during to-day—my visit to Hazelwood is of three days ago—recurred to the article in the 'Edinburgh Review,' on the first small edition of the account of the system adopted there. (January 1825,—published in March.) My impression was that I admired and agreed with all that was there said. But I find I must have been impelled by my eagerness about the plan itself, of which I then heard for the first time, to run on at once to the immediate details about the school:—for of the previous observations of the reviewer touching general principles, I find I cannot agree with ten syllables together in any one place throughout. It is not often, dear ———, as you know, that I quarrel with the 'Edinburgh Review;' but really, if its more powerful writers were to meet with the introductory remarks in this article in any Tory journal, the writer thereof would be infinitely to be pitied. The whole spirit of them is so utterly unphilosophical, that I am by no means sure that they are by the same hand as the latter part, though even that betrays the cloven foot of a sneer far too often. But I am a quiet, steady gentleman, who care not a jot for the writer, who know not who he is, and shall not attack him at all. But I *shall* attack a few of his positions, thinking them in the highest degree unsound and hurtful.

He sets out by denying the possibility of any improvement of mankind by education:—an opinion, I hope, which even in this spring time of education, fact has already blown into the air. That the "good old times" have become the better new ones, I believe no one out of Bedlam now denies, unless he be in St. Luke's. HISTORY has set this matter quite at rest, where I shall leave it:—as, to do the reviewer justice, so does he. I shall only ask, "What is there to stop us exactly where we stand?"

Next, the reviewer doubts, in the fashion which makes doubt a denial, that "any thing material can be done towards the formation of moral character or habits, by any course of early or elementary instruction." Here again the reviewer and I agree,—in so far as to think this question worthy of examination; and he brings forward arguments



accordingly, in support of his position, the value of which I wish fairly to discuss; for, I confess, there are few propositions which I would not more readily admit.

The key to the reviewer's arguments appears to me to be, that he lays down facts, and lo! believes them forthwith to be principles. Suppose a man, when steam-navigation was first proposed, had said "Pooh! what has hot water to do at sea?—no way is there made by wheels, and levers, and boilers; but by masts, sails, and rigging." True, no way was then made at sea by steam mechanically applied, it was all done by sails and so forth. But is it impossible so to apply steam? Experience has shewn. Now, might not the following axiom be most fairly tried by the same test:—

"Moral character, principles, or character in general, are not formed by precepts inculcated at school, or by observations made, or experience collected, in that narrow and artificial society,—but by the unconscious adoption of the maxims and practices that prevail among the free-agents around us, and the spontaneous assimilation of manners and sentiments which result from this contagion."

I readily admit that morals *are* not, even now, at nearly all schools, inculcated in any manner at all; for the "spontaneous assimilation" from this, as the reviewer very justly phrases it, *contagion*, is generally of bad "manners," and odious "sentiments." But that is no reason why good ones should not be taught even in "the narrow society" of a school. They *are* taught at Hazelwood; as I shall presently shew more than I have already shewn:—The steam *does* go where sails cannot:—and the fact that the sails go somehow or somewhere, is no proof that the steam does not carry the vessel more steadily, truly, and safely on her course.

Again:—

"All children, at every school,—and we may almost say in every home,—are taught the same precepts of morality,—warned against lying, and thieving, and gluttony, and quarrelling,—and exhorted to be industrious, obedient, and obliging. Nay, they are not only taught these doctrines, but they are all aware, generally, of their truth."

Indeed!—Let us look a little into *fact*, as to the practice by these young gentlemen of the doctrines of which they are so well aware. Whether or not such may be the practice of schools in Scotland, I really acknowledge I am totally ignorant; but, from the items which the reviewer here gives, he either labours under an equal ignorance as regards the old-established English schools, or he is playing booty, and purposely holding forth a helping hand to the promoters of an improved system of education. As for "lying," I have already said my say of that;—of thieving and gluttony, let the hen-roosts and farm-yards of the neighbouring farmers, and the game-preserves and fish-ponds of the surrounding grandees, give evidence;—and for quarrelling—pitched battles are no rare things,—the science of Mendoza and of Belcher still is studied. But these, though bad as all quarrelling is, are far the best modes of giving vent to hot blood practised at our schools:—it does not then become *bad* blood, which the system of *domestic tyranny*, of which occasionally such awful instances peep forth, brings into existence. These words, in their darkest sense, are

not too strong. I could give a crowd of instances, within my present knowledge, were it not for fear of wounding individual feelings. The sufferers I know had rather I should not, and the inflictors of the suffering may have reformed. I would not for the world exaggerate;—neither am I impelled, in the very least, by animosity against these establishments, as establishments. Many a dear friend of mine, to say nothing of my simple self, have been brought up at them, and all manner of lang-syne feelings have I that are connected with them:—but I cannot allow these to put a bandage over my eyes, and blind me to faults equally glaring and dangerous. What I wish is, that the old names should remain worthy of their old fame—that they should not bring the accumulated evils of years to worse than nullify—to poison—their present efforts, but that they should move at an equal pace with the advancing morals and intellect of the nation, by at once annihilating those sources of evil to which, they must be aware, the eyes of that nation are now very strongly drawn—and by generally adapting their systems more to the wants which, in this age, make themselves heard so loudly. At all events the more prominent faults *must* be crushed—the country now sees them—the country calls for their destruction, as yet calmly—it will soon do so loudly—and it always, in the end, is obeyed. Let us hope its voice need be raised very little above its present pitch.

To revert, however, to my argument, I would ask whether such habits do *not* teach “principles and character in general”—and whether they are not likely to render a man’s outset vicious;—happily gifted is he, if his reflections on his early experience be sufficient to stop him before they become confirmed!

If then bad habits—and habits are the source as well as the product of principle—especially in early life—if bad habits can be fostered by “early and elementary instruction” in great schools, why cannot good? Common sense says they can, and so does Fact; for we find them at Hazelwood. Few things can be more beautiful than the general spirit of kindness and good-fellowship which pervades among the boys, and which spreads even to the feelings which exists between them and the masters. I am not blinded by the representations of the latter; I have, as you know, a very near and very young relation who has lately gone thither—he left a most happy home—he came from the midst of a large family, which, of course, he had never before quitted for a day: I know that he dreaded the transition exceedingly. Three months are not yet passed;—and his description to me of the general kindness (I must repeat the word) of conduct which prevails throughout the whole community, is such as must deeply touch those who know, as I do, what a young boy, leaving home under such circumstances, endures under a system of fagging! Here there is none—the name and the thing are alike unknown. Fighting also is nearly, if not quite, unknown. Yes—Fighting, in pugilistic England, scarcely exists!—and the mode by which it was put down is, I think, one of the most ingenious and rational pieces of legislation I ever heard of. You will see I have marked two passages, referring to each other, to be printed in *Italics*—for they shew so strikingly that direct reference to a real principle, and those sound and immediate means



of its application, which are, I think, the distinguishing characteristic of Hazelwood. It may be traced through all its merits from first to last, itself being the most valuable of them all:—

“It would be in vain to attempt any concealment of the fact, that our pupils, like all boys in the full tide of health and spirits, do not always see the folly of an appeal to the *ultima ratio regum* in so strong a light as that in which it *sometimes* appears to older eyes; and resort is now and then had to trial by combat, in preference to trial by jury. The candid and experienced teacher, who knows the difficulty and the danger of too rigorously suppressing natural impulses, will not censure us for endeavouring rather to regulate this custom, than to destroy it altogether. In the hope of lessening the number of those *fracas*, (never very large,) a law was proposed, which the Committee\* adopted, *to render it penal for any person, except the magistrate, to be present at a battle*. Six hours' notice must be given by both parties, and a tax paid in advance. During the interval, it is the duty of the magistrate to attempt a reconciliation. These regulations were intended to give opportunity for the passions to cool, and *to check the inclination for display which is often the sole cause of the disturbance*. We consider the effects on the minds of the spectators as the worst part of the transaction. There is something dreadfully brutalizing in the shouts of incitement and triumph which generally accompany a feat of pugilism. Neither boys nor men ought ever to witness pain without sympathy. It is almost needless to say, that, with us, fighting is anything rather than a source of festivity and amusement.

“If a pugilistic contest should take place without due notice having been given, the parties are liable to a heavy fine, and it is the duty of the eldest boy present, under a heavy penalty, to convey immediate information to the magistrate, that the parties may be separated.

“These regulations were made in April, 1821. During the first few months, the number of battles did not appear to be materially checked, four contests of the kind having taken place between April and July in the same year; but from July, 1821, to the present time, (April, 1825,) two battles only have been fought, according to the regulations laid down. It is true, that a few other contests have taken place, or rather have commenced, without notice being given; but, in every instance, early information has been conveyed to the magistrate, who has immediately separated the belligerents. We have reason to be confident in stating that no contest of this latter kind ever lasted two minutes.”

I am not bringing forward these things, which may most unjustly be deemed trifles, merely on account of the absence of suffering, which in the case of fagging accrues to the junior boys, though that is much; or in the case of boxing, of the mere blackguardism, though that is much also. No—it is the general principle of humanity—the constant practice of the great Christian doctrine of “Do as thou wouldst that others should do unto thee”—it is the beautiful moulding of the young mind—not by precepts, not by formal dicta, but by a constant course of conduct to mutual forbearance, aid, and affection—these are the causes that induce me to instance matters which individually may seem so simple, but which, in the aggregate, tend so strongly and steadily to cultivate, to mould, and to make excellent, the heart. There are, I believe, few who will deny the vast degree to which “goodness of heart” enters into the composition of a man such as we wish to see our sons. I ask, which is the more likely to produce

\* You will recollect that the Committee is composed of from ten to fourteen of the boys, with one teacher.

that quality—a system of mutual kindness, assistance, and gratitude—or one in which personal conflict is not rare,—and,—deeply worse!—in which the young are shrinking slaves, and the elder stern task-masters,—too often *far more*?

I may as well now go through some of the regulations, at Hazelwood, which tend to give tone to character, all, in a greater or less degree of importance, tending to regulation of mind, to firmness of purpose, to the noblest motives of exertion, to a just sense of self:—and if these be not conducive to “principles and character” being “formed,” I know not what are. Nay, it is impossible for boys to come from school at seventeen or eighteen, like Pope’s women, with “no character at all”—indeed, if they do, they have lost a great deal of good time;—but, in truth, they *must* have laid a foundation of character. How much better, then, if it be one on which they may safely build, and the gradual development of which will lead to worthy issues,—than if those of happy dispositions by nature are compelled, by painful lessons, to remodel it, should they have resolution and power to go through the toilsome task, while those less fortunately gifted keep on unswerving in their evil course!

Nothing can be more delightful to a stander-by than to see the beautifully close connection of cause and effect by which the qualities I have enumerated are produced at Hazelwood: and this arises from the system having been formed with deep study, and with the inestimable advantage of experience, even at its original formation, and of the constant continuance of practice to set right any error of theory in its progress towards completion. Never, indeed, I believe, was theory so exactly in accordance with practice, or practice, in its widest details, so instantly reducible to the principles of the soundest theory. I will note a few instances of this as briefly as possible, as displayed in the motives of action. Fear of punishment is brought as little into play as possible; the hope of direct reward not much. There is no corporal punishment whatever, unless imprisonment may be so considered; and offences are very seldom committed of a grade to render even that necessary. “Confinement,” say the conductors of Hazelwood, in their published account of their establishment\*, “and disability to fill certain offices, are our severest punishments. No mind can be constantly under the dominion of fear, without falling into miserable, and often irretrievable, degradation; nor can it be expected, that pursuits closely associated in the memory with this most painful feeling, should be followed a single moment, after coercion is withdrawn. Public disgrace, which is painful in exact proportion to the good feeling of the offender, is not employed, and every measure is avoided which would destroy self-respect. Expulsion has been resorted to, rather than a boy should be submitted to treatment which might lead himself and his schoolfellows to forget that he was a gentleman.” Nothing, I think, can be sounder than this. The passage then continues to shew how all the mechanical arrangements (if I may so speak) of the government of the school tend towards mutual appreciation, and hence towards love of sympathy. There is a very beau-

\* Public Education.—Plans for the Government and Liberal Instruction of Boys, in large numbers; as practised at Hazelwood School.—Second Edition—1825.



tiful and conclusive passage proving the power of this love, for good and for evil. This leads to the following conclusion :—

“ We know that the love of sympathy will act in one way or other, and act forcibly ; and it is a matter of anxious importance with us, that its force should be in alliance, and not in conflict with the precepts of religion and morality. And hence the necessity of directing the attention of our pupils to those qualities of their schoolfellows which consist with good morals ; and of imposing upon them the necessity of placing at their head boys who will be most likely to give a high tone to the public feeling.”

Of the reasons for not trusting too much to the fear of punishment, I have already spoken ; the hope of reward it is endeavoured to make as *general* as possible. All rank in the school is aggregate ; namely, springing, not from the proficiency of the boy in the classics, or mathematics, or any one branch of learning, but for his general acquirements and general conduct. The too immediate hope of reward is objected to, “ inasmuch as it gives the pupil an object different to the real end of education, improvement being lowered in his mind to the rank of a means is not likely to be followed after the reward is obtained.” This, of course, is assuming this motive to be that which, for the time principally actuates ; and, so far, nothing can be more sound. There are rewards, however, but they are not made of the degree of importance necessary to form in themselves a sufficient object to be so eagerly sought after, as we find they would be in the above-supposed case. What, then, is the motive?—love of distinction?—No ; not that. With great good sense, I think, emulation is not too much called into action. I cannot but consider the following argument against its over-use most able :—

“ But emulation is a stimulus, and it is in the very nature of stimuli to lose their power when constantly employed. Indeed such a state of excitement, as in the absence of all other motives would be sufficient to produce the desired effect, would be too powerful for the human mind to bear for any length of time. It may be very useful as a temporary expedient, and the skilful instructor may sometimes find it accord with his views to blow up a vivid flame for a particular purpose, but he must be aware that extraordinary exertion is always followed by extraordinary languor.”

In so large a school, however, as the account of the system goes on very truly to say, every healthful exercise of emulation must necessarily exist. The variety of the studies, where a boy ever finds himself, in each class, next a new neighbour, would almost of itself prevent the sense of rivalry from becoming too keen between any. In effect, as it never is too strongly urged, it never acts with any painful force, even in individual competition. There is an anecdote to this effect in the Messrs. Hills' book, so beautiful that I must refer you to it, and, if you have space, print it, as they have done, in a note\*.

\* “ About twelve months ago, two boys at the head of the school, were stoutly contending for the first prize ; and they were so nearly matched in talents, acquirements, and industry, that the chances were pretty nearly equal. In the middle of the session, an aged relative came from Ireland to visit the friends of one of the youths, whose home was at some distance from Hazelwood. The old gentleman could not be induced to forego the pleasure of his grandson's company : the boy was therefore obliged to go to his father's. It so happened, however, that several of the exercises determining rank for the two or three

What, then, are the motives on which the conductors of Hazelwood rely for intellectual advancement? Chiefly one—and that, one which, aided as it is by all the adjuncts which there surround it, must carry moral advancement along with it. They term it “love of knowledge,” and, taking knowledge in its highest sense, so it undoubtedly is. “Oh!” you will exclaim, “he is getting to his metaphysics;” yes, to *my* metaphysics, which are never recondite, but always appeal to *facts* directly: here you shall have plenty of facts, if you will but allow me time to set them before you. The inestimable value which the conductors of Hazelwood attribute to this motive is expressed in a tone almost of fervour, in a passage combining with that fervour the strongest, severest, and most convincing truths, set forth in every sentence in a manner so *clear* as to make them almost self-apparent. I would gladly give this to your readers, but I fear over-crowding your space, and I have much to set before them yet. I will, therefore, take for granted, that they will allow me that the love of knowledge is the most certain means of ensuring its acquisition. But how to excite the love of knowledge itself? And now the objectors to fantastic, metaphysical innovations, will find that that love is excited in all departments of acquisition, by facts, facts, facts. When I say facts, I mean to include in the term all tangible realities, for even these share largely in the *fantastic* system. Most cordially do I agree in the principle which the Messrs. Hill lay down—after their fashion, simply and plainly, before they proceed, equally simply and plainly, to shew how to apply it,—that “the best means of exciting a love of knowledge will be readily discovered, if we reflect a few moments on the origin of knowledge itself. Every acquisition would, at first, be made from an immediate view to utility.” To be sure it would; and has from the first moment the first men needed to be fed and clothed. Knowledge springs from a need to know—facts are the first instruction; and with each fact we learn, we desire to know more, and, at length, to arrange and render useful those we do know. This, I take it, is saying in other words what the worthy masters of Hazelwood lay down a little, but very little, more at length. I shall give the strongest proof of my belief to this effect by taking their illustrations to support the doctrine. I shall skip over what they begin with, viz., its immediate application to the different branches of learning (I shall want that when I say a word or two on the various classes I saw at work), and shall go at once to what they end with, which I think tends most satisfactorily to shew that facts give both knowledge and a thirst for it. They mention, as their best “means of exciting a love of knowledge,” the giving the pupil “clear, vivid, and accurate conceptions.”—The giver turns out to be my friend FACT.

examining weeks were of a kind, as composition, &c., not to require personal attendance at the school. Under these circumstances, the youth commissioned his friend and rival to transmit to him, from time to time, information of what it was necessary for him to do; and also to receive and present the exercises as they were performed. The trust was fulfilled with cheerfulness and punctuality; and the trustee, though at the end of the half-year he lost the object of his labours, which was gained by his companion, secured a higher and more estimable reward in the enjoyment of his own feelings.—May 1825.”



"It is astonishing what interest is at once given to any event, however trifling, if we are acquainted with the place wherein it happened, or the individuals who are the actors in it, though it may very slightly affect their interests; and they are perhaps persons for whom we have but little affection or esteem. Who does not feel happy to realize, by actual observation, his mental picture of cities and landscapes? Why is it that those who are present sympathize more completely with either the joy or grief of their friends, than those who are absent? It is because interest is produced by vividness of conception; and vividness of conception is in the ratio of proximity to the sensible cause. Thus he who is present at a painful accident, feels more than he who only hears the relation of it from a spectator; and he, again, who has learnt all the circumstances from an eye-witness, will produce more effect in relating the story, than one who has obtained them by a more circuitous route.

"From this very simple and well-known truth, the teacher may derive an important lesson. He may learn the advantage of practical illustration: he will find that his time is well employed in showing his pupils many things which he might otherwise think they would as well imagine for themselves. We should advise him to provide himself with the various weights, commonly spoken of, and the measures of content and of length. Let him portion off, upon his play-ground, a land-chain, a rood, and, if the extent be sufficient, an acre. Let his pupils, when they read history, be furnished with maps to trace the *routes* of armies; let them be shown plans of towns, and plates exhibiting the variations of costume which distinguish one people from another: or at least, let them have access to these latter documents (as they might very justly be called) in the library of the school: and then, so very delightful is it to boys to fix and verify their ideas by means of the senses, that much knowledge will be gained in this way by the pupil, without any other care on the part of the master, than to furnish him with the requisite opportunity. Indeed, we have sometimes wondered that instructors have not more fully availed themselves of the multiplicity of little works which the press almost daily issues, to furnish their scholars with a fund of entertainment and useful general knowledge, which has so great a recommendation as that of diffusing itself among them, without calling for exertion on the part of the master.

"In treating on the value of accurate conceptions, we must not fail to call the attention of the reader to the importance, in the first years of education, of suffering the pupil to become very familiar with elements. Early youth is the best time for acquiring elementary information. There is a period in life, nor is it a very late one, when the mind begins to revolt against entering upon any branch of knowledge, with which it is entirely unacquainted; and many remain in ignorance who would pursue pleasantly the abstrusities of a science, if they could prevail upon themselves to master its elements. Therefore, since no after-knowledge can be very complete or extensive, which is not built upon a good elementary foundation, we strongly advise parents to be satisfied with somewhat less of superstructure than is generally demanded, while the pupil has yet the power of enabling himself to enlarge his future acquisitions without pain and degradation. To us it appears of infinitely more importance, that education should be sound and complete than precocious. On the other hand, when the period for elementary education is past, the mind becomes dissatisfied, unless it feels that something efficient is done."

*Halle là!* I will give the rest of the passage, which is excellent, presently, but I must say a word here. Something efficient? Yes!—and what have the boys at the schools on the old system learned efficient when they leave school? Some few have learned to write Latin verses, and to read Virgil with facility, and Homer with only now-and-then looking into the lexicon. These few have learned, probably something,—say a good deal,—of ancient history and customs—these

few are, in a word, good classical scholars. Some, very very few, who are going to Cambridge, know something of mathematics. But if they know any thing of general history or literature,—of modern languages, and their literature, of moral science, or of physical science, in any of its applications—nay, even of geography in any thing like its broad sense—if, which is most unlikely, they know anything of any of these, they must have learned them at home, for at their schools they have no means of so doing. Of course, I have not insulted these patricians by saying one word about any knowledge of the great commercial and manufacturing affairs of this petty shop-keeping country; but at the highest schools there are plenty who are no patricians at all, to whom such matters would be highly useful. But at these schools all learn the same thing. It is the custom, and *therefore* not to be invaded.

But it must be borne in mind that I have hurt my argument by my liberality. I have given above the *élite* of the boys leaving the great schools; whereas it would have been quite fair to have taken *the average*, at once, and in answer to my question of what the boys at these schools have learned *efficient* when they leave, to have said—Nothing! unless a good deal of Latin and a little Greek, should be considered an efficient product of the years from the age of eight to that of eighteen, in the second quarter of the nineteenth century. What the boys at Hazelwood learn during the same period, you will hear before you come to the end of my letter. It is more than *that*, though, I will tell—not you, for you know it—but the reader, now. The ‘Edinburgh Review’ says, that so that boys exercise their minds, “Latin and Greek are really as good as any thing else.” Nay, it goes farther, and says that, “*any* occupation,” tending to the cultivation of intellectual habits is nearly as good as any other.” I shall compare the anythings by-and-bye—but this position, let it be noted, assumes that the first eighteen years or so of our lives must be devoted to the acquisition of the power to learn. That acquisition I value as highly as it is possible for any one to do; but I do not see why something *efficient* should not be acquired with the very acquisition itself,—for I confess it appears to me to be a doctrine very little short of monstrous thus to assert, that a lad can learn nothing till he approaches his majority, except the *means* of learning any thing that may be of use to him in after life. Fact bears me out here too: for I think I shall be able to shew that the minds of boys leaving Hazelwood must feel that “something (really) efficient is done.” I now renew my extract:—

“It is in vain for the instructor to hope that stimulants, which were powerful at eight or ten years of age, will urge the mind at fifteen. The boy begins to feel that he shall soon be called into another sphere of life, where mere school motives are not in operation. That minute and formal correctness which was so proper at an early age, must now be relaxed; and general and previously-formed habits must be depended upon in its stead. The minutiae of the drill would be out of place on the day of battle. The side of danger is now changed; heretofore the principal care of the teacher was not to overload the mind of his little pupil, lest he should extinguish the feeble and lambent flame of ardour; but now, the fuel may be heaped with no sparing hand. The pupil has acquired a knowledge of his own powers; he has, if we may so speak, learnt the art of learning.”



I admit the full value of the art—I venerate it—but, *here*, he has learned a great deal in learning it; for here people act according to Common Sense.—

“He will know whether his obstacles arise from the innate difficulty of the subject, or from want of previous information, which, perhaps, he may have acquired and forgotten. In the latter case; a powerful and excellent motive is furnished for private voluntary application: in the former he has found himself too often successful to fear the contest. But if the teacher, unaware of this change in the mind of the pupil, irritate him by requiring that mere formal perfection which demands a mind unoccupied with the labour of investigation, he will find, to his astonishment, that the very boys who gave him greatest satisfaction at the outset of their studies, become careless, and perhaps morose, at the time when he had fondly anticipated increased ardour and voluntary co-operation.”

And these are the people who are accused of theorising!—people who set about teaching by pound-weights, foot-measures, roods and acres! And, like most who love facts, and who have minds to regulate them into principles, their metaphysics are the simplest and the truest in the world! In these pages we constantly light upon axioms which we have felt as regards self, but never generalized into a moral truth. Let the reader recur to the sentence in the extract in page 377, which lays it down, that there is a period in life, and not a very late one, when people shrink from beginning a science from disliking what then seems the drudgery of acquiring its elements. Let the reader recur to the passage itself, for it is remarkably well expressed. Is not this almost conclusive as to the importance of *what* we can learn in youth? But I shall say no more about that as an argument, for I really do not see how the reviewer is to avoid the *reductio ad absurdum*, that acquiring geography, history, the higher orders of arithmetic, or mathematics, is of no more use, in early life, than would be the learning of Cherokee, or the studying the history of Japan up to a particular revolution (supposing there were one) in the year 1590.

I cannot but regard as one of the chief means of exciting the love of knowledge, a plan which I never heard of as existing in any other school whatever,—I mean voluntary and spontaneous labour. There is a difference between these two, which it will be presently seen is very accurately distinguished by the two apparently almost synonymous words chosen. I confess I was a little startled when my nephew first used them to me as meaning different things,—for my recollections of the *minutiæ* of the system—though only of them—had in a slight degree rusted. The difference between the two is, that several subjects are generally announced for voluntary exercises; the choice is left entirely to the boys, and it is in no degree exacted that they should select or perform any. But if they do not they will suffer in their aggregate rank, inasmuch as the performance and merit of these exercises are considered in the estimation of rank. The spontaneous exercises the boys do, to use a homely phrase, entirely “of their own head;” subject, work, all their own. I shall now say a few words of each, as I consider them to form one of the most admirable parts of the system.

I will begin by just calling your recollection to the exact converse

of this plan, which is followed in all the old schools, and even in the Universities; I mean *impositions*, the setting, namely, tasks as punishments. Learning is thus actually held out as a thing to be dreaded. If you do that which is wrong, but which does not reach the point of flogging, you are set to copy out, or translate so many lines of such or such an author; but it is generally the former, so as to make the imposition as little improving as possible. I will defy the most acute reasoner to disprove that the tendency of this must be to cause the boy to look upon learning with dread. Instead of being made an object of attraction, it is his *punishment*.

How is it at Hazelwood? There they have no such things; because they think "that they must be performed with unpleasant associations: now, a boy, if possible, ought never to go to a book with disgust." Undoubtedly,—and here, on the contrary, the boy goes to his occupation, having himself chosen it,—he need not do it at all unless he likes,—but he does like it, because it enables him to get on in the school, by the very means most suited to his talents, and agreeable to his taste. By degrees the means become almost as pleasing to him as the end; or rather, he will become attached to both the direct means, namely, the effort in its progress—and to what must seem to him to rank among them, the effort accomplished—namely, the knowledge acquired. It is astonishing how quickly such feelings will gain ground in a young mind.

But there are many advantages incidental to this system of voluntary labour. It is stated that irksome employment sooner exhausts the strength than exertions which are consonant with the student's tastes; and thus far more is done than could be exacted, "without danger to the health of the pupils, if their exertions were counteracted by any adverse feelings" of theirs. I know that I am beginning to trespass sorely upon your space, but I cannot abridge the admirable observations on the habit of completion, which are among those induced by the voluntary labour practised at Hazelwood.

"One of the most valuable habits of life is that of completing every undertaking. The mental dissipation in which persons of talent often indulge, and to which they are, perhaps, more prone than others, is destructive beyond what can readily be imagined. A man who has lost the power of prosecuting a task the moment its novelty is gone, or it is become encumbered with difficulty, has reduced his mind into a state of the most lamentable and wretched imbecility. His life will be inevitably one of shreds and patches. The consciousness of not having persevered to the end of any single undertaking will hang over him like a spell, and paralyze all his energies; and he will at last believe, that, however fair may be his prospects, and however feasible his plans, he is *fated* never to succeed.

"The habit of finishing ought to be formed in early youth. We take care to reward no boy for fragments, whatever may be their excellence. We know nothing of his exertions until they come before us in a state of completion. The consequence is, that every one learns to measure his powers. He undertakes nothing which he has not a rational hope of accomplishing; and having begun, and knowing that he can receive neither fame nor profit by instalments, he is urged forcibly on to the end of his course."

The species of subject to which this labour is devoted, varies, of course, exceedingly, not only with the taste, but with the age and



acquirements of the boys. Some take a certain period of history, and study it, so as to be able to undergo their master's examination to almost any degree of minuteness; others do the same in classics or geography,—some draw, paint, model, or engrave;—some learn passages of poetry, or dialogues from plays, in Latin, Greek, French, or English;—some make maps, surveys, and diagrams—many select some branch of mathematical study—while others translate from various authors, or give in original compositions.

In the work which has helped me so much in this letter, there is, I think, the very perfection of the medium to be desired as to original composition in early youth. The Messrs. Hill fairly admit that they had great difficulty in coming to a satisfactory conclusion on this point, and they cheerfully acknowledge their obligation to the reviewer of their first edition, in the *First Series* of the Magazine now under your guidance. In this I at once recognise the hand of your excellent friend De Q., from whose society, at your house, I have so often derived such remarkable gratification, and whom I most sincerely wish you could excite, from his reveries, to become a contributor now. The whole of what he says on the subject in question, is, like all his metaphysics, clear, acute, free from jargon, and irresistibly conclusive from its strict logic and sense. You will not have room for more than the results:—

“The act of composition cannot, it is true, create thoughts in a boy's head unless they exist previously. On this consideration, let all questions of general speculation be dismissed from school exercises: especially questions of *moral* speculation, which usually furnish the thesis of a school-boy's essay; let us have no more themes on Justice—on Ambition—on Benevolence—on the Love of Fame, &c.: for all theses such as these which treat moral qualities as pure abstractions, are stripped of the *human* interest: and few adults even could write enduringly upon such subjects in such a shape; though many might have written very pleasingly and judiciously upon a moral *case*—i. e. on a moral question *in concreto*. Grant that a school-boy has no independent thoughts of any value; yet every boy has thoughts dependent upon what he has read—thoughts involved in it—thoughts derived from it; but these he will (*cæteris paribus*) be more or less able to express, as he has been more or less accustomed to express them. All that is necessary is—to determine for the young composer his choice of matter: require him therefore to narrate an interesting story which he has formerly read; to rehearse the most interesting particulars of a day's excursion: in the case of more advanced students let them read one of the English state trials, where the evidence is of a complex character (as the trials on Titus Oates's plot), or a critical dissertation on some interesting question, or any thing, in short, which admits of analysis—of abstraction—of expansion—or exhibition in an altered shape.”

This is the present mode of teaching the arrangement and expression of ideas,—composition, in a word, at Hazelwood;—and, of course, it expands as the boys advance; while it is begun as low as to make the little boys give, sometimes verbally, sometimes in writing, a description of some physical object, as a horse, or a plough; or an abridgment of a well-known story.

The spontaneous exercises are of a higher order, and indeed some of them reach a degree of merit quite remarkable in boys still at school.

They are of all kinds, classical, mathematical, literary, of art, and of mechanical and more general science. Some very beautiful drawings and etchings have been produced in this way; for instance, a copper-plate etching by a boy of thirteen, produced solely with a view to the school rewards, afterwards obtained the silver medal of the Society of Arts.

This mode of study, also, gives to a boy peculiar opportunities of improvement, with a particular view to his future destination in life. I was told, when at Hazelwood, a very remarkable instance of this, with regard to two boys, whose destinations are indeed most different. The one is a Greek, the son of a distinguished officer, an admiral in the Greek navy, and he is himself destined for the same service. The other is an Englishman, and purposes to take orders in the Church of England. The Greek has devoted himself to nautical science in a manner which has enabled him to produce displays of knowledge of those branches of the mathematics which apply to naval affairs, which I am told, must not only ensure his success in his profession, but enable him in all likelihood, to be to it eventually of essential benefit. The hopes of the English scholar are to be distinguished at Oxford, preparatory to entering the church; and he has accordingly given all the powers of his mind to the classics. What makes me couple these two young men—I believe they are between sixteen and seventeen—is a joint letter that was shewn me, written by them, to the conductors of the school, which not only speaks, I think, in their own favour, but shews also the admirable tendencies of their general course of education. The purport of the application was that, as they had shewn sufficient attention to the general regulations of the school to advance them to an aggregate rank suitable to their age, they felt anxious that, now that the time of their remaining at Hazelwood was becoming limited, this rank might be waived as regarded them, in order that they might devote more of their time to the particular pursuits that would bear upon their future life. This was their object: but I wish I could convey to you the manner in which they expressed it. The admirable mixture of proper modesty and due self-reliance,—the confidence they seemed to be imbued with, that if their request could be granted without disordering the school regulations, it would—in a word, the whole tone of the letter, conveying, I believe, an unprecedented request, could not but excite in me the strongest interest, which was heightened probably, when I reflected that their only point of union, was the desire of improvement—their country, their studies, their future destinations, being so singularly different. I need scarcely add, that their request was granted.

I regret very much that I cannot now even abridge for your readers, the system of school-government and Hazelwood. But this letter has run to a length which precludes my even attempting it. Moreover, I witnessed only its practical effects—and had not the good fortune to see any of its machinery at work. But I have in prospect another visit to Hazelwood; and I shall take care to single out a period when I shall be able to get a sight of perhaps even more than the weekly proceedings. I might, indeed, perhaps get this permission within an easier distance, at the worthy *double* of Hazelwood, Bruce Castle. This, which is within seven or eight miles of town, is, I believe,



*exactly* the same as Hazelwood: indeed, it should be so, being conducted by two of the sons of the original founder of the latter, and, indeed, having been originally composed of boys from the parent stock. Whether or not I shall write you a second letter on these subjects, I have not yet at all decided. But I think, that even the *municipal* system, if I may so term it, which produces habits like those of the Hazelwood boys, is a subject worthy of the most minute examination. I know that several objections have been raised to some of the details—but after having thoroughly looked into them, I think they are without real foundation. At all events, it is impossible to deny that the well-known dictum applies to this system—"It works well."

I must just, however, notice a part of the system, which parents must always feel most anxious about, and concerning which those who have previously known nothing of Hazelwood, may, after what I have said, feel somewhat at a loss. I mean the system of reward and punishment—for at Hazelwood they are mingled in their whole plan. At most other schools, rewards are confined to a few annual prizes to the head-boys, and are in no degree relied upon as a general principle of action.

In the first place, there is no corporal punishment whatever. The dogma so often laid down that boys never can be kept in order without it, never can raise its head again. It is impossible for there to be a better conducted set of boys, in *every* kind of respect, than those at Hazelwood: and no ungentle hand is ever laid upon one of them. The means of their general abstinence from grave misbehaviour are involved in those laws into the details of which I have already said I cannot now enter. I will say, however, that their general principle consists in mutual self-government—if I may so speak—that is a system of self-government of the whole body of the boys, most admirably adapted to the peculiar circumstances of their age and position. Imprisonment, which is the severest punishment ever inflicted, requires the intervention of a formal procedure, in the nature of a legal trial. There is only one exception, where the imprisonment of a very slight nature, and with the most salutary object in immediate view; and, even in that case, if it should be adjudged to have been needless, the sufferer will receive retribution. As I have restricted myself from going into the working of the laws, I will only say in this place, that the recurrence of the offences for which imprisonment takes place are so rare, that the punishments almost entirely consist in what I am about to describe.

The irregularities and inaccuracies which, of course, will occur, whether with regard to their actual lessons or the general order, are punished by fines. These fines are levied in a currency established within the school, which go under the name of marks\*. Every sort of petty offence has a fixed fine attached to it—which is paid at once. But the account given will speak on this question much more simply than I can:—

"We are not friends to artificial excitements of any kind; and therefore do not place much dependence on rewards and punishments, particularly the latter; still, though by unremitting attention to the subject, we have been

\* The ordinary marks are transferable—but there are also some which are personal. These are given for exertions of the higher order of merit, and have peculiar privileges attached to them.

enabled gradually to substitute, for rewards and punishments, motives of a higher rank, from which we have derived many advantages, yet we do not at present see the means of avoiding their employment altogether.

"Our rewards, as we have already said, are chiefly conferred by the distribution of certain counters called transferable marks, which the boys obtain by superiority in the classes, by filling certain offices, and by various kinds of voluntary labour performed in the leisure hours. In the forfeiture of these counters our punishments chiefly consist.

"Every boy in the school devotes such part of his play-hours as he may think proper to the obtaining of these marks. The product of almost any kind of labour or study is received, provided it is presented in a complete state, and is tolerably well executed."

When a new comer arrives, a subscription is made for him among the boys; and, for a given period, he is exempted from certain portions of the school-duties, to enable him to earn a sufficient number of marks to set him going.

"The amount of reward is determined by estimating the time which any piece of work might reasonably be expected to employ the pupil, and then paying him according to a fixed rate per hour, decreasing within certain limits as the age of the pupil advances. If the boy is ten years of age, he has 30 marks per hour; if eleven, 25; if twelve or upwards, 20; no diminution takes place after twelve, for reasons which will be stated shortly.\* If the pupil is younger than ten years, he receives an additional ten marks per hour for every year which his age is less than ten. This rule is, however, often slightly relaxed, with a view to reward excellence, and to encourage those kinds of exertion which are thought to be the most useful. These rewards are distributed at a certain hour of each day."

"Every boy is expected to have a considerable number of these marks at all times in his possession, to meet the fines which he may incur for breaches of the laws, and for neglect or inaccuracy in the performance of the school exercises."

"As with the exception of imprisonment, which can only be resorted to under very peculiar circumstances, and certain disqualifications, our punishments consist entirely in the forfeiture of these marks, it is evident that numerous and powerful motives must be brought into operation, to induce the boys to labour for the acquisition of them."

It is needless to enter in the minutiae of the arrangements—but they are such that, unless a boy be singularly both idle and ill-conducted, he will never be without means of paying the ordinary fines. Accordingly, such instances occur most rarely.

During the day I passed at Hazelwood, I went through nearly all the classes. I admired the mode of tuition exceedingly—but I fear I have run to too great length to enter into any detail just now. The Hamiltonian system is adopted to a certain extent with the younger classes, though they are also exercised in the spirit of the language they may be learning. But of all the classes the advantage of which seemed to me the most striking, probably because the absence of anything of the kind in the schools I am acquainted with is total—is that of mental arithmetic. Quite young boys, nine, ten, twelve, answered very extensive, if not in some degree, complicated questions, in the space of fifteen seconds. How I envied them this!—for I am sure not a boy leaves Hazelwood without having a thorough command over that intellectual weapon of gigantic power—*Figures*.

\* These reasons are wholly founded on grounds relating to the currency as such, so that it will not be necessary to enter into it.



In all the classes, the most thorough "understanding what they were about" to the minutest, and in the fullest, was strikingly apparent. I heard one of the upper classes go through a lesson in Livy in a manner which shewed they were both perfect masters of the niceties of the language, as well as of the peculiar spirit. As for French, there is not a boy in the school who does not speak it,—and soon thoroughly well. Of History I had not immediate means of judging, but I see that it is made an early, a general, and a most prominent branch of study. In Geography, I had a particular opportunity of noting their proficiency,—for it so chanced that, in the afternoon I was there, there was a general exercise throughout the whole school on this particular subject. There were printed lists of questions according to the classes, of which the number ran up to, I think, nearly ten. Those in the higher classes had to write answers to all—to shew that they had not forgotten what they had passed—an admirable principle in tuition, which is much acted upon at Hazelwood. Every boy wrote his answers up to the list of his class:—they were given in to be adjudged, in due rank of merit, the next day;—but I got a glance at them—and I can only say, that I was *astonished* at the questions very young boys answered correctly. It is true they had lately learned many of these—perhaps some in the course of the week:—but they remembered them at all events—and such exercises frequently repeated would enforce the remembrances. I do not mean to say there were not errors, and some pretty strong ones—for geographical errors always appear so—but I speak of the mass—of the average. The higher lists displayed a very thorough knowledge of the details of geography indeed.

Of the Mathematics I have already said enough to prove to you how much they are regarded at Hazelwood.

And I am going to surprise *you*. I did not see the Printing Office; the very thing you would think I should have sought out first. But the day passed away so quickly, I was startled when I found myself at the end of it—and, amateur as I am of the art of Faust and Caxton, I was obliged to put *that* among the points reserved for my next visit. I saw some of the productions of the Hazelwood press, though—you know I have somewhat of a technical eye, and I approve much. I have brought away a number of their magazine which I am sure you will like in other respects as well.

But I did see the Library; and that, indeed, is an inestimable advantage! It is impossible to conceive a better selection of books, from the highest order of Belles Lettres, to the very best *young books* extant. I was complimenting one of the sons of the principal who accompanied me, on the collection, when he told me it was chosen by the boys themselves. There could not be a higher proof of the state of general taste and cultivation into which they are brought. There were some Spanish works among them; for there are several of the sons of the more prominent people in the late Spanish colonies of South America and Mexico at Hazelwood. It speaks well, I think, for the leaders of these new states to wish their rising generation to have all

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the cultivation which an education in the more civilized countries of Europe can bestow.

And now that I have read over what I have said, I feel how unequal it is to the subject; but certainly it is impossible to condense within the compass of a paper an account of the system of Hazelwood that would do it any thing like justice. I have, therefore, adhered more to the development of the *principles*, and have, as far as in me lay, endeavoured to shew the immediate and beautiful reciprocity of their means and ends. I have not been able, which I sincerely regret, to go into the details of what I have called the municipal system, which facilitates the application of such principles to the gradual formation of a well-regulated, pure, firm, and feeling character. In what I have written I have had no personal predilections to actuate me; at least I may say, that any that I may have, had their origin solely from the school itself. I dare say I shall be reproached with partiality—but the reproach will be unjust. My reason may mislead me, but I have judged from that alone. I have spoken as I have of Hazelwood School from at least the *sincere* conviction, that I cannot conceive an establishment for education more calculated for the developing, the cultivating, aye, and the instilling, the *best* qualities of the mind and heart.

Ever most sincerely, my dear —, your's,

A FRIEND OF EDUCATION.

### BREAKING THE SPELL.

IN many of the more upland and secluded parts of the south of Scotland the belief in witches still prevails, and not many years have elapsed since it was universal. The continuation of such a belief among a people who are shrewd and intelligent, is partly owing to two causes; the first of these is the literal meaning they attach to the incantations of the Witch of Endor, mentioned in the first book of Samuel, and the effect that they had in bringing up that prophet from the dead to reprove the King of Israel. Finding this in the Bible, and not being able to see the difference between an allegory and a simple invention, they believe it literally; and when *one* witch is firmly believed in, there is no possibility of closing the door upon other witches. So dangerous is superstition, that if people believe one thing without, or contrary to, rational evidence, they cannot prevent themselves from believing more. The other cause of this inveterate superstition is the existence and extensive circulation of a very foolish book among the peasantry; this book is entitled 'Satan's Invisible World discovered;' and it has other faults besides the cento of diablery which it narrates and describes as established facts. It furnishes a sort of clue to the singular combination of *Maleficiis et Mathematicis*—witches and mathematicians—which occurs in the Papal bull; for the author of it was a Mr. George Sinclair, rather an eminent mathematician of Glasgow, toward the close of the seventeenth century. We remember getting



hold of it when very young, stealing away to a lonely place to read it, believing and being frightened for months, and being finally cured only by a very strong *argumentum baccalinum*. We met the book some time ago, and were astonished that we could have been worked upon by it, but such was the fact; and such is the fact still; and therefore they who wish well to the Scottish peasantry should take some means for preventing the sale of George Sinclair's diablery, or which would be better, for making it refute itself.

Degrading as this absurd superstition is, we have heard defences put in for it, on the ground that witches, ghosts and devils are watchmen, and prevent people from going upon nightly depredations; which would be all very well if it were not the fact, that they upon whom the superstition operates are neither disposed to rob, nor likely to be worth the robbery.

Ayrshire, and the rest of the west coast of Scotland, used to be the grand theatre of these exploits, though there were considerable colonies in the kingdom of Fife. Burns, while he used them to give humour to some of the most exquisite of his poems, yet undermined their powers more effectually than perhaps any other writer. There are some admirable touches in his "Address to the De'il," particularly his own rencontre with the wild-drake.

"The cudgel i' my neive did shake,  
Each bristling hair stood like a stake,  
When wi' an eldritch squeel querk quake  
Amang the springs,  
Awa' ye squattered like a drake  
On whistlin' wings."

In "Hallowe'en" "the de'il, or else an aullun' quey," which tumbled the wanton widow into the pool, and the "Grumphy, asteer that night," place the vulgar credulity in the most ludicrous point of view, though the gem of the whole be the rat in the barn.

"A ratton rattled up the wa',  
An' she cried 'Lord preserve her!'  
An' run through middinstead an a',  
Prayin' wi' zeal an' fervour."

One of the places where, if not now, at least very lately, the witches had free range, was on the Lammermuir hills, between the counties of East Lothian and Berwick. The inhabitants there are a detached and a singular people; they are shepherds, several of them proprietors of their sheep walks; their manners are primitive, *Anglicè*, they are very dirty. They hang up the carcasses of the *casualty* sheep in the turf-smoke of the hut, and tear off a piece when they are hungry. In the adjoining Lowlands, the men are called "Lammermuir lairds," the women, "Lammermuir ladies," and the sheep "Lammermuir lions," which latter name is applied to persons wanting in courage, who are said to be "as bold as Lammermuir lions."

At certain seasons of the year, the Lammermuir ladies come to the fairs to dispose of the wool of the flocks, and purchase the few simple necessaries that they may want for their rude households; and from the singularity of their appearance and costume they are, or were very lately, all elevated to the honour of witchcraft. This is contrary to the

usual dispensations of that honour, which requires some talent as well as irregularity of appearance, while these people are, in all but pastoral matters, ignorance itself. About twenty years ago, we were driven to take shelter in the mansion of a Lammermuir laird, and he tried to impress us with a sense of his erudition, by holding the shorter catechism, which appeared to belong to one of his children, with the wrong end to him, and rehearsing the sounds "*mulle a crooked s, ypersie &*" with as much solemnity, as ever author read his manuscript to a bookseller, when a bargain and sale depended upon his orthoepy.

A widow of the name of Betty Falla kept an alehouse in one of the market-towns frequented by the Lammermuir ladies, (Dunse, we believe,) and a number of them used to lodge at her house during the fair. One year Betty's ale turned sour soon after the fair; there had been a thunder-storm in the interim, and Betty's ale was, as they say in that country, "strongest in the water." Betty did not understand the first of these causes, and she did not wish to understand the latter. The ale was not palatable; and Betty brewed again to the same strength of water. Again it thundered; and again the swipes became vinegar. Betty was at her wits' end,—no long journey; but she was breathless.

Having got to her own wits' end, Betty naturally wished to draw upon the stock of another; and where should she find it in such abundance as with the minister of the parish. Accordingly, Betty put on her best, got her nicest basket, laid a couple of bottles of her choicest brandy in the bottom, and over them a dozen or two of her freshest eggs; and thus freighted, she fidgetted off to the manse, offered her peace-offering, and hinted that she wished to speak with his Reverence in "preevat."

"What is your will, Betty?" said the minister of Dunse, "An uncanny mishap," replied the tapster's wife.

"Has Mattie not been behaving?" said the minister. "Like an innocent lamb," quoth Betty Falla.

"Then —?" said the minister, lacking the rest of the query. "Anent the yill," said Betty.

"The ale!" said the minister, "has any body been drinking and refused to pay?"

"Na," said Betty, "they winna drink a drap."

"And would you have me to encourage the sin of drunkenness?" asked the minister.

"Na, na," said Betty, "far frae that; I only want your kin' han' to get in yill again as they can drink."

"I am no brewer, Betty," said the minister gravely.

"Gude forbend, Sir," said Betty, "that the like o' you should be evened to the gyle tub. I dinna wish for ony thing o' the kind."

"Then what is the matter?" asked the minister.

"It's witched, clean witched; as sure as I'm a born woman," said Betty: "Naebody else will drink it, an' I canna drink it mysel'."

"You must not be superstitious, Betty," said the minister. "I'm no ony thing o' the kin'," said Betty, colouring, "an' ye ken it yoursel'; but twa brousts wadna be vinegar for naething." (She lowered



her voice) "Ye mun ken, sir, that o' a' the leddies frae the Lammermuir, that hae been comin' and gaen, there was an auld rudas wife this fair, an' I'm certie she's witched the yill; and ye mun just look into ye'r buiks, an' tak off the witchin!"

"When do you brew, Betty?" "This blessed day gin it like you, Sir."

"Then, Betty, here is the thing you want, the same malt and water as usual?" "Nae difference, Sir?"

"Then when you have put the water to the malt, go three times round the vat with the sun, and in *pli's* name put in three shoofu's of malt, and when you have done that, go three times round the vat, against the sun, and, in the devil's name, take out three bucket-fulls of water; and take my word for it, the ale will be better."

"Thanks to your Reverence, gude mornin."

### THE DEATH OF THE CATHOLIC QUESTION\*.

READER, before you can be edified by what I am now about to indite, the Catholic Question, the patriarch of our political puzzles will in all probability be no more;—that is to say, unless a tremulous driblet of life shall be kept up for a few weeks longer in his old bones by the mob setting the town on fire to heat them, which, however, notwithstanding the vigilance and unwearied exertions of my lord Duke of Newcastle and his friends, we do not think there is now much chance of their attempting. Most people, I dare say, will look upon the deceased as having enjoyed quite enough of longevity for a person of his description; but certainly I have no wish to recall his manes from Elysium, or Purgatory, or whatever other land beyond the pole he may have chosen for his posthumous retirement, to revisit either "the glimpses of the moon," or the candlelight of St. Stephen's. "After life's fitful fever," I am quite willing to let our old friend sleep as long as he pleases—and sound be his slumbers, say I, even as those occasioned by Lord Redesdale's pamphlets. Yet a few words perhaps I may be permitted, just over his grave—not a service of the church, nor even an *oraison funèbre*, but simply a little familiar chit-chat, such as people will sometimes indulge in, on occasion of an acquaintance dropping off.

Even the loss of an accustomed walking-stick, or the parting with an old coat, will draw a little at the heart in certain moods of our mysterious humanity. Nay, to bid farewell to things we positively don't like, that have been only a torment to us all the time we knew them, will sometimes give a sort of twinge to the affections. I have known, for instance, the pulling out a tooth, in addition to the pain

\* We fear our correspondent has been rather premature. The Catholic Question will not have died before his reader is edified by his lucubrations;—but that consummation is advancing as rapidly as those who wish it the most devoutly can desire—and we will assume it, for the nonce, as is often done in argument, for the sake of our correspondent's remarks.

from the wrench at the jaw sadden a man visibly, for half an hour or so, from the mere vacancy it had left in the circle of his ancient sensations; and we verily believe that even the worst wife that ever turned matrimony into a rack was never carried off by death, or any other means, without leaving a pang behind. It is not surprising, therefore, that I should feel a little even on saying good-bye to the Catholic Question—with which all of us have been in the habit of meeting almost every day in our lives ever since we were out of leading-strings, and which some of us (albeit many a long year yet from our grand climacteric) probably imagined might have companioned us over life's road to our second childhood. It has been indeed most unexpectedly cut off, and in a truly marvellous manner—and there is much in the matter to make us all reflect on the uncertainty and delusiveness of the fairest prospects which any piece of political nonsense may seem to have of long endurance in this present world. But a few weeks ago, and there was not a more hearty-looking absurdity to be met with anywhere, nor one that promised to be longer a comfort to its many friends and admirers. Nor was any other ever more dearly beloved by a large circle of venerable ladies and gentlemen—all ready, they said, to die in its defence, (it is usual for people to say they will die for that for which they have nothing else to say,) and many of them actually in the habit of perpetrating for its sake much more foolish things than dying. Alas for this band of affectionate and vociferous champions!—what will they now have about which to talk their nonsense by the hour? Their Dagon—

Maimed his brute image, head and hands lopped off—

lies on the ground, like a felled tree. Yet although, I have no doubt, they “mourn in earnest,” I have not heard that any of them have literally given up the ghost in consequence of what has occurred. “Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for”—the Catholic Question.

In the political world there certainly has not been so great an event since the dethronement of Buonaparte. His domination in Europe, and that of Protestant ascendancy in Ireland, have been the two grand curses that have darkened our age—the forms under which the evil principle of politics has contended with the good, successively, in different parts of their common dominion. Now that both have been overcome and destroyed, we shall begin to feel as if we had suddenly lost our wonted ballast—much in the same way, I suppose, as a person's ghost does when it first attempts to walk about without the body. We shall not, however, be left, I dare say, without something to wrangle about still, although I really do think we have but little chance of ever meeting, in our day, with another such *monstrum horrendum* to do battle withal as either of those we have lost.

For one thing, we shall, no doubt, have a good deal to do yet in bringing Ireland to rights. It is to be remarked that, even if the present great measure should effectually put an end to the discontents of the Catholic population of that country, it is not likely to operate, in the first instance at least, as a tranquillizing dose to the Orange



party. The oil that smooths the waters will only make the fire and brimstone burn the more furiously. I do not anticipate, certainly, that the roar of this conflagration will last long—but for a short time, I apprehend, it is likely to be a pretty loud one. For some years past, at least, I have no hesitation in affirming—and I do not doubt that, when all the excited passions of the present hour are laid at rest, impartial history will own that I am right,—that the Protestants have been by far the most inflamed and unmanageable of the two factions that have litigated Ireland. Indeed it has perhaps been so for a much longer period. Spenser, in his *View of the state of that country*, written in the reign of Elizabeth, describes the English settlers as even then a great deal more ungovernable than the natives. “Sure, in mine opinion,” he makes one of his two speakers remark, “they are more sharply to be chastised and reformed than the rude Irish, which being very wild at the first, are now become more civil; whereas these, from civility, are grown to be wild and mere Irish”—to which the other, Irenæus, through whom he conveys his own opinions, answers, “Indeed, as you say, Eudoxius, these do need a sharper reformation than the Irish; for they are more stubborn and disobedient to law and government than the Irish be.” “In truth, Irenæus,” Eudoxius replies, “this is more than ever I heard, that any English there should be worse than the Irish: Lord, how quickly doth that country alter men’s natures!”—But, however this may be, I speak from my own observation when I repeat, that, of late years, at all events, three-fourths at least of the violence and even ferocity both of feeling and conduct, displayed in the great national struggle, have been found in the ranks of Orangeism.

It is a mistake to suppose, as is often done on this side the water, that all the respectability, even of property and station, is on the side of the Protestants in Ireland; that they consist exclusively of the higher and middle ranks, and that the Catholics are, nearly to a man, a mere swarm of peasantry, day-labourers, and mendicants. It is very far from being so. Not only in the northern quarter of the island, but even in Dublin, many of the Protestants belong to the very lowest grades of society. When we hear of an Orange mob, therefore, it is by no means a mere turn-out of gentlemen and respectable merchants and tradesmen, presenting a front rather of moral than of physical defiance, and from whom nothing really dangerous can reasonably be apprehended, as many persons in their simplicity believe, and as it has, in fact, been one great object of the said Orangemen to persuade the English public. These assemblies, as well as the most mixed of those of the Catholics, are made up in great part of the very dregs of the population—of men (and we may add women and children) whom a long familiarity with rags and whiskey has fitted for any description of lawless outrage. The general character of their proceedings, indeed, proves this to demonstration. When has any Catholic mob, for example, exceeded in vulgar and brutal turbulence the Protestant rabble that used every year to scour the streets of Dublin on the evening of the 4th of November? or that which has sometimes struck terror into the same city on other occasions of party display? I happened to be present, about two years ago, at the election of

the member for the College, when Mr. Croker, Sergeant Lefroy, and Mr. North, were candidates. The first standing upon the Government and Emancipation interest; the second upon that of the Orange Clubs; and the last also a friend of Emancipation, but depending principally, we believe, upon his private connections in the College. It was altogether what they would call, I suppose, a splendid vindication of their principles on the part of the ascendancy zealots. The upper part of the large hall in which the election took place was appropriated to those who had votes, and was divided, by a very strong barricado, from the rest of the room, which was thrown open to the public. Of what description the persons chiefly were who occupied this latter space, I do not exactly know. I was informed that the greater part of them were students; though, both from their appearance, and, still more, from their behaviour, I should have been disposed to take a considerable number of them rather for runaway apprentices or cast-off stable-boys. Whatever else they were, the great majority of them, at all events, were red-hot Protestants, as very soon appeared.

No sooner had proceedings commenced within the bar by an attempt to propose Mr. Croker, than beyond it there arose a scene to which the presence of the Furies could have added nothing. The uproar was not one merely of savage outcry—although of that too there was, perhaps, a wilder storm than was ever heard out of Ireland—but while hundreds of voices at their topmost pitch kept up a continued roar of oaths and anathemas, in all the tones of thorough-bred blackguardism, twice as many hands were at work in tearing to pieces whatever they could find to wreak their vengeance on. The matting having been first raised from the floor, and nearly all thrown at the electors in the shape of “ropes to hang Croker,” and other similar contrivances of no popery manufacture, and baptism, two strong oaken tables, with benches that extended nearly the whole length of the hall, and had at first served as stations for the more fortunate part of the crowd, became the object of universal attack, and were split or smashed to fragments, amidst a noise of devastation that made the roof ring, as if the axes of so many carpenters had been at work under it—saving that the crash of the shattering timber, was necessarily soon over. This chorus, mixed up of all hideous sounds, was continued, almost without a moment’s intermission or slackening of its vehemence, for four or five hours at least. Of the speech of the gentleman who proposed Serjeant Lefroy some sentences were tolerably audible; but not one word of any thing else in the proceedings of the day. I stood within a couple of yards of the Reverend Doctor who proposed Mr. North; and of the long harangue, which I conjectured by his gesticulation and expression of countenance, he was delivering, although he seemed to strain his voice to the utmost, I not only did not catch a word, but scarcely even a sound. Mr. North himself advanced repeatedly to the bar to obtain a hearing; but he might as well have appealed to the winds or waves. Serjeant Lefroy did not come forward, although, I believe, he was repeatedly urged to do so under the impression that his friends might perhaps be prevailed upon to listen to their own candidate, but kept his seat quietly all day beside the Provost, who himself was with difficulty induced to make one



or two faint attempts to assuage the tumult; as on the occasion of one of them, he was coolly treated to a boxing match between two half naked *alumni*, who, having cleared a ring, floored one another repeatedly, under his nose. All this while the exertions of the learned and religious rabble were sustained, and in some degree directed, by a dingy orange pocket-handkerchief hoisted on a pole; which, by way of the standard of the constitution, was kept fluttering in the front of their array. The spirited Secretary of the Admiralty had been so early in the field, and so characteristically active, that scarcely a hope was entertained of defeating him, even from the first; and he carried his election by a large majority. Quite confident, I suppose, of success, he seemed to mind very little the disgraceful, but impotent, fury by which he was assailed throughout the day. The business within the hall was over, if I remember right, by about four or five o'clock in the afternoon; and our loyal and pious protestants, of course, having no longer any person on whom to fling their constitutional Billingsgate; and having moreover, like good subjects, torn to pieces every thing upon which they could lay their hands; at last left the scene, in which they had for so many hours vociferated so manfully for the good cause. They concluded, however, by a renewal of their exertions in the streets at night; by which time many of them had, probably, got drunk with whiskey, as well as Orangeism;—though the latter is an intoxication, heaven knows, that needs no heightening.

To this extent is ultra-protestantism sometimes carried in Ireland. Those who wish to know more of it, may consult the reports of the Orange and Brunswick meetings for the last six months; or the columns of the *Evening Mail*, any week in the year. When history shall have to sketch the events of our time, she will do ample justice to the memory of those friends of civil and religious liberty, whose well-earned triumph is now on the eve of completion; if she will only describe their opponents in England as well as in Ireland, in Parliament as well as out of it, in the language in which they have described themselves;—if she will but unfold their views, feelings, and reasonings, by as ample a collection of quotations as may be necessary, from their own speeches and writings. Let the arguments by which the concession of the Catholic claims has been opposed, be extracted from the Epistles general of our Newcastles, Bexleys, Kenyons, and Winchilseas; the orations of Lord Eldon, the Duke of Cumberland, the Reverend Mr. Horner, and Sir Robert Inglis; and the most eloquent of the pamphlets, petitions, and placards, by which it has been attempted within the last few weeks either to overcome the Parliament, or inflame the populace. Let the faction speak for themselves, let them do their best; only, I say again, let them write and talk with the fear of futurity before their eyes; for they may be assured that succeeding times will not look back upon Sir Robert Inglis as necessarily the ablest man of his day, simply on the ground of his having represented Oxford.

It is in Ireland chiefly, if not only, that we are to expect the continuance for some time of dissatisfaction among the Protestants, after Emancipation shall have been granted. Even now from any strong feeling of aversion the removal of the disabilities is confined to that

country. In England, there may be, among a certain class of the people, many vague fears as to the consequences of the measure,—and, hence, a wish that things should rather, if possible, be allowed to remain as they are, than that the dangers apprehended should be risked. But these are honest fears, and will yield rapidly to the proofs of their groundlessness, which every day's experience will afford. In this way, I verily believe, will be converted the great body of the present opponents of the measure, before any considerable time shall have passed over our heads. It is true, that in addition to this class of persons, there are among us a few others whose opinions or prejudices are not likely to be quite so easily acted upon;—ingenious men, for instance, who have committed themselves to a particular view of the question, by preaching or writing in defence of it; and all other sorts of people, who having been long in the habit of considering a subject in one way, can never see it in another, under any light that may be thrown upon it. But these are too inconsiderable, in point of number, talents, and consideration, to draw to them the general sympathy necessary to keep up any degree of ferment in the popular feeling. Of course, I pass over altogether the downright dishonest portion of the present pack of clamourers; those who sign petitions, or exert themselves in getting them up, or assist in any other way in swelling the outcry, merely in order to please a patron, or to gain for themselves some other end with which the helotism of the Catholics has merely a temporary and accidental connection:—they will be quiet when they have played their part, or will find some other equally profitable theme for the display of their servility. The important consideration is, that we have not in England any large class of people either actually interested in the continuance of the old order of things, or upon whose station and influence in the commonwealth the change, that is about to take place, will produce any real or perceptible effect. A portion of the clergy, to be sure, seem to apprehend some very dreadful results from the new system; some of them say the doubling of tithes, and others (what would certainly be a much greater calamity) the abolition of them altogether. And many old women, it would appear, in remote parts of the country, believe that the pope and all his cardinals are forthwith to be let loose among them, sword in hand, to do with them whatever they choose. But both parties will soon find they have been alarming themselves without the least necessity, and will recover their composure in due time. Their present fright, we dare say, will do them no very serious harm.

In England, therefore, it may fairly be assumed that the good sense and generous temper of the people will soon get the better of their fears, and that many months shall not have gone by before we shall find the whole country, if not positively rejoicing in the blessings of the new state of things, at least resting quite satisfied that it has done them and can do them no mischief. In Ireland, however, the case may be expected to be somewhat different. There, a protestant minority have hitherto been in the actual enjoyment of an ascendancy both in station and in real power over their Catholic brethren—which is now to be taken from them for ever by this bill. Not a protestant journeyman, or apprentice, or sweeper of the streets, in Dublin, but has, till



now, felt himself to be superior in the eye of the law to his Catholic fellow, or, we should rather say, to any Catholic in the land. Is even such a mere feeling as this nothing, that it should be relinquished by men in general, as they are at present constituted, without a pang? I fear this were more than we can well expect. It is, I acknowledge, a detestable spirit which would thus lead one man to resist the raising of another, who has heretofore stood below him, to a level with himself, although he is thereby to be deprived of nothing except some one to look down upon;—but it is in the present case a spirit which the law itself has done its best to implant and nourish for a century and a half; and no wonder that it should be found in some strength in the bosoms of a large proportion of those who have been exposed to the unhappy influences of such a state of things. But when we add to this the other consideration that the handful of Protestants in Ireland have, till now, been almost the sole depositories of all the political power of the country, the holders, distributors, and employers of nearly all the state patronage, the only candidates for the honours, and salaries, and jobs that were going; in short the exclusive heirs and privileged monopolists of whatever was most worth possessing or dealing in, which it was in the power of the government to bestow,—we shall wonder still less that they should not at once be able to reconcile themselves to an innovation which is to strip them of all these unfair advantages, to open the avenues to emolument and distinction to all classes of the community equally, and to permit those, whom for their sakes the state has hitherto treated as aliens, to share with themselves the rights of children and the affections of their common parent. It will be some time before the old *regime* will be forgotten by those who are to be thus forced to surrender the posts of preference in which it was wont to maintain them. Not that in the long run even they will be losers, or other than great gainers by the change; for, to say nothing of the invaluable blessings of tranquillity and general harmony which it will substitute in place of the discord, agitation, and perpetual insecurity of person and property, which have hitherto been the curse of the country, and rendered it hardly fit to live in, notwithstanding all the lavish bounties of nature,—the prosperity of every department of its industry will soon, I doubt not, be such as to afford a much greater abundance for all its inhabitants than it has ever yet yielded to the one favoured portion of them, and thus eventually amply to repay even these last for whatever may in the mean time be taken from them. It is not to be expected, however, that these benefits should begin to be generally felt immediately—or that they should indeed for some time to come be nearly so obvious to the understandings of most of the members of the old ascendancy, as will be the memory of what they have lost. Still, it is to be hoped that even they will not always remain blind to the advance of the happiness and prosperity of their country;—but that, by degrees, the spirit of bitterness shall become exchanged for that of amity, brotherhood, and peace.

# APRIL FOOLS.

— "passim

Palantes error certo de tramite pellit;  
Ille sinistrorsum, hic dextrorsum abit."—HOR.

This day, beyond all contradiction,  
This day is all thine own, Queen Fiction!  
And thou art building castles boundless  
Of groundless joys, and griefs as groundless;  
Assuring beauties that the border  
Of their new dress is out of order;  
And schoolboys that their shoes want tying;  
And babies that their dolls are dying.  
Lend me, lend me, some disguise;  
I will tell prodigious lies;  
All who care for what I say  
Shall be April fools to-day.

First I relate how all the nation  
Is ruined by Emancipation;  
How honest men are sadly thwarted;  
How beads and faggots are imported;  
How every parish church looks thinner;  
How Peel has asked the Pope to dinner;  
And how the Duke, who fought the duel,  
Keeps good King George on water-gruel.  
Thus I waken doubts and fears  
In the Commons and the Peers;  
If they care for what I say,  
They are April fools to-day.

Next I announce to hall and hovel  
Lord Asterisk's unwritten novel.  
It's full of wit, and full of fashion,  
And full of taste, and full of passion;  
It tells some very curious histories,  
Elucidates some charming mysteries,  
And mingles sketches of society  
With precepts of the soundest piety.

Thus I babble to the host  
Who adore the 'Morning Post';  
If they care for what I say,  
They are April fools to-day.

Then to the artist of my raiment  
I hint his bankers have stopped payment;  
And just suggest to Lady Locket  
That somebody has picked her pocket;  
And scare Sir Thomas from the city,  
By murmuring, in a tone of pity,



That I am sure I saw my Lady  
Drive through the Park with Captain Grady.  
Off my troubled victims go,  
Very pale and very low;  
If they care for what I say,  
They are April fools to-day.

I've sent the learned Doctor Trepan  
To feel Sir Hubert's broken kneepan;  
'Twill rout the doctor's seven senses  
To find Sir Hubert charging fences!  
I've sent a sallow parchment scraper  
To put Miss Trim's last will on paper;  
He'll see her, silent as a mummy,  
At whist with her two maids and dummy.  
Man of brief, and man of pill,  
They will take it very ill;  
If they care for what I say,  
They are April fools to-day.

And then to her, whose smile shed light on  
My weary lot last year at Brighton,  
I talk of happiness and marriage,  
St. George's, and a travelling carriage.  
I trifle with my rosy fetters,  
I rave about her 'witching letters,  
And swear my heart shall do no treason  
Before the closing of the season.  
Thus I whisper in the ear  
Of Louisa Windermere;  
If she cares for what I say,  
She's an April fool to-day.

And to the world I publish gaily  
That all things are improving daily;  
That suns grow warmer, streamlets clearer,  
And faith more firm, and love sincerer;  
That children grow extremely clever;  
That sin is seldom known, or never;  
That gas, and steam, and education,  
Are killing sorrow and starvation!  
Pleasant visions,—but, alas!  
How those pleasant visions pass!  
If you care for what I say,  
You're an April fool to-day.

Last, to myself, when night comes round me,  
And the soft chain of thought has bound me,  
I whisper, "Sir, your eyes are killing;  
You owe no mortal man a shilling;  
You never cringe for star or garter,  
You're much too wise to be a martyr;  
And since you must be food for vermin,  
You don't feel much desire for ermine!"  
Wisdom is a mine, no doubt,  
If one can but find it out;  
But whate'er I think or say,  
I'm an April fool to-day.

## CARSTEN NIEBUHR.

A BIOGRAPHY BY HIS SON, THE AUTHOR OF THE ROMAN HISTORY.

THE father of the celebrated living historian of Rome was Carsten Niebuhr, one of the most celebrated travellers of the last century. He was a member of a scientific expedition, consisting of five individuals sent out in 1761 by the Danish government then under the administration of the enlightened Count Bernstoff, to explore Arabia, and was the only one who survived the journey. The results of his travels and labours were made known in four volumes published at various subsequent periods during his lifetime; and which as the works, though altogether an incomplete performance, of a sagacious, enquiring, and accurate observer, possess a value, and have acquired an estimation, which the researches and publications of recent travellers have tended rather to confirm than diminish.

With regard to his qualifications as an eastern traveller, Niebuhr may be considered as holding a middle station between Belzoni and Burckhardt. He seems to have in some degree united the advantages enjoyed separately by those eminent explorers. His origin partook more of the humbleness of the former than of the respectability of the latter. Like Belzoni also, he was the founder of his own fortune such as it was; and, presents one of those interesting instances of a man raising himself to eminence, under every disadvantage, by the energy of his character, and the strong impulse of a thirst for knowledge. He further resembled the Italian traveller in being endowed by nature with more than usual strength of person and constitution, and which the accidents attending his early nurture, and the deprivation of maternal sustenance (for his mother died when he was six weeks old) had not been able to impair. In other respects he had the advantage of the adventurous Paduan; and if in education and acquirements he was not the equal of the Swiss Missionary of the African Society, the inferiority was rather partial than general. With Burckhardt, he enjoyed the benefit of travelling at the expense and under the protection of those well able to support and uphold him; while Belzoni's expeditions were individual speculations, the result of his own ardent and enterprising spirit. The University of Göttingen had the honour of affording to both Niebuhr and Burckhardt their collegiate education; although the latter held himself, and justly no doubt, more indebted for the chief acquirements he made in Europe, to his subsequent residence at Cambridge. This comparison, however, we will not carry further; nor is it our intention to become ourselves the biographers of the Danish traveller. His memoirs now lie before us traced by the pen of one whose claims to preserve the memory of so distinguished a man are sacred; namely, those of a son, even more distinguished than his parent.

The biographical memoir to which we allude is the republication of a small work which appeared in the form of a pamphlet of ninety



pages in 1817 at Kiel, and which now constitutes the first article of a volume, recently published in Germany, containing a collection of the miscellaneous works of the learned historian. The other contents of this volume are dissertations full of erudition and antiquarian research. For a better acquaintance with them, we refer our readers to the volume itself, confining ourselves to the interesting biographical sketch to which we have alluded.

Carsten Neibuhr was born on the 17th of March, 1733, at Westerende, Ludingworth, in Hadeln, an ancient district of Friesland, and now comprised within the territories of the kingdom of Hanover. His father and ancestors, for several generations, had been freeholders of the country—men in good circumstances, although not classed among the rich. His early life and education were those of a mere husbandman; but before his father's death, which happened while he was yet a boy, he was placed at a grammar-school at Otterndorf, and afterwards at Altenbruch,—an indulgence which seems to have been accorded to the strong desire he evinced to learn something more than is comprised in the education of a farmer. His guardians proved less considerate than his parent, and his studies were discontinued before he had advanced far enough to profit by their recollection when he afterwards resumed them.

On the division of his father's property, an inconsiderable principal in ready money was all that fell to his share; and compelled to seek the means of subsistence, the natural bent of his disposition, and the desire of intellectual cultivation, led him to resort to the acquisition of knowledge for that purpose. His pecuniary resources, however, were not sufficient to enable him to procure for himself the advantage of instruction in Latin, and he applied to the practice of music for about a year, and learnt to play on several instruments, with the intention of qualifying himself for the situation of an organist. These pursuits, however, did not meet with the approbation of his guardians; and his maternal uncle took him into his house, in which he again led a farming life for nearly four years.

At the end of that period, one of those purely accidental circumstances, which often decide the career of distinguished men, gave a direction to the course of Niebuhr, which he afterwards constantly pursued, and which raised him to the first rank of travellers of modern times. A question of right about the superficies of a farm could only be settled by a survey; and as there was no surveyor in the whole district of Hadeln, it became necessary to send for one from a different part of the country. Niebuhr felt that he could become useful to his country, and gain a livelihood at the same time, if he learnt the art of surveying; and being now of age, and his own master, he went to Hamburgh, and became the pupil in mathematics of Professor Saccow; and as the greatest frugality would not enable him to live on the interest of his money, he determined to spend as much of his small capital, as the object he had in view would require.

Mathematics were at that time taught in Latin, and eight months elapsed before Niebuhr knew sufficient of that language to attend the mathematical lectures. He was twenty-two years old when he recommenced the study of Latin; but the utmost assiduity did not

enable him to acquire that proficiency which younger men more fortunately circumstanced easily attain. He never learnt Greek, which always grieved him much.

In Easter 1757, he went to Göttingen, where he continued to study mathematics, and a small family stipend which he obtained enabled him to buy some mathematical instruments.

Frederick V. reigned in Denmark at that time, and his minister, Bernstorff, was the most intelligent and spirited statesmen on the continent. The enfranchisement of the peasantry, the support he gave to Klopstock, and the learned expedition to Arabia, will, perhaps, be considered by posterity as the most brilliant acts of his administration.

Of this expedition the original project proceeded from Michaelis, Professor of Oriental Languages at Göttingen, who represented to the Danish minister how much might be gained for the study of the Old Testament, if European travellers were to explore Arabia. He proposed that a single traveller, an oriental scholar from his own school, should be sent by the way of India to Arabia. The minister perceived that such a journey could not lead to any important results, even if the traveller had the good fortune to survive and return to his country.

But the proposal, although not approved in its original shape, was not neglected. It suggested to the minister the idea of a more enlarged and useful expedition, and instead of an orientalist only, it was determined to send out a naturalist, a mathematician, an orientalist, a physician, and a painter. The persons selected to fill these offices were Forskaal, Niebuhr, Von Haven, Cramer, and Baurenfeind. Niebuhr was indebted for his appointment to the recommendation of Kästner, the Director of the Academy of Sciences at Copenhagen. When the honour intended for him was communicated to him by Kästner himself, in the summer of 1758, he did not, as far as his inclination was concerned, hesitate for an instant, but was diffident of his own abilities and qualifications; and when he at last accepted the offer, it was on the condition that he should be allowed until Easter 1760, to prepare himself.

From the moment that the matter was so far arranged, he devoted himself entirely to the object of preparation. Besides his other studies, he took private lessons from Michaelis, in the Arabic language, and from Mayer, in astronomy. But he gave up the study of the former, on finding that his master, after several months, had not been able to conduct him further than to the fables of Lokman; and Niebuhr perceived that Michaelis himself possessed no great stock of Arabic philology.

Mayer was at the head of the German astronomers and mathematicians of his time; and his zeal in teaching Niebuhr was only equalled by that of Niebuhr in learning from him. During the course of a long life, Niebuhr never became acquainted with any man whom he loved so dearly as he did Mayer; and one of the greatest gratifications he ever experienced, was derived from the knowledge that his first astronomical observations had reached his revered master on his death-bed, and that Mayer, although in a dying state, felt such joy at this communication, as to appear for a few moments to revive. Our



traveller received a further satisfaction, on finding that his observations had obtained the English prize for the widow of Mayer, to whom he was sensible that he owed every thing.

Niebuhr left Göttingen for Copenhagen in the autumn of 1760, and was received by Bernstorff with the greatest kindness. The minister compensated him for the expense he had incurred in procuring mathematical instruments; and to prove his opinion of the integrity of Niebuhr, appointed him, unsolicited, treasurer of the expedition. The title of Professor at the University of Copenhagen was offered to him, before setting out; but his extraordinary modesty made him decline the honour. He would not, he said, be called a professor, as he was not a sufficiently deep mathematician to deserve that title: he might have obtained the rank of a captain, but he was contented with a commission as lieutenant of engineers.

The expedition embarked the 7th of January, 1761, on board the *Greenland*, a man of war. At Marseilles, and at Malta, where our travellers went on shore, they met with the most polite reception. The expedition had become known all over Europe; and a similar taste for expeditions of this kind, which prevailed at that time in England, France, and Italy, ensured the most respectful attention in every quarter. The Maltese knights treated Niebuhr with marked distinction, offering him all the honours and advantages of their order after his return from the expedition, flattering themselves that the difficulties of his religion might be got over.

The party passed from Malta to Constantinople, and thence to Egypt, where they remained a full year, from the end of September 1761, to the beginning of October 1762. During that time, Niebuhr visited Mount Sinai; and determined the longitude of Alexandria, Cahira, Raschid, and Damiat, by a number of lunar observations, with such accuracy, that the French astronomers of Buonaparte's expedition were surprised to find that they coincided perfectly with their own observations. Equally correct was his map of the two branches of the Nile, and his plan of Cahira, which he had drawn under the greatest difficulties, in the midst of a fanatic rabble. He also measured the height of the pyramids, and copied many hieroglyphic inscriptions from obelisks, and sarcophagi.

In October the travellers embarked at Suez, on board a Turkish vessel, and reached Loheia towards the end of the year 1762. On this voyage, Niebuhr projected his chart of the Red Sea, which is a masterpiece, considering the circumstances under which he made it. From Loheia frequent excursions were made to western Arabia, especially by Forskaal and Niebuhr; the former collecting plants, the latter in order to determine the geographical position of places. They then returned to the coast towards Moccha, where Von Haven, the orientalist, and pupil of Michaelis, died. A bilious fever also put an end to the life of Forskaal, who was the naturalist of the expedition; and Niebuhr suffered from an attack of dysentery, and saved himself only by extreme temperance and prudence.

With the two surviving members of the expedition, the physician, Dr. Cramer, and the draughtsman, Bauernfeind, Niebuhr continued his journey to Saná and Upper Yemen, and thence returned to

Moccha. There they embarked for Bombay; the draughtsman, who had taken the fever at Moccha, died during the voyage, and the physician lingered a few months at Bombay, and died too. The owner of the vessel, which had brought Niebuhr from Moccha to Bombay, was Francis Scott, a younger member of the family of Scotts, of Harden, in Roxburghshire, a Jacobite family which claims Sir Walter Scott as a member. This Francis Scott conceived a great friendship for Niebuhr, and five-and-thirty years after, his son, the historian, on coming to study at Edinburgh, was received as a member of the family, in the house of the old man, who lived upon the fortune which he had acquired by his industry and honesty.

At Bombay, Niebuhr was received by the English with great cordiality. "When in Egypt," says his son, "he had taken a great liking to the English, and at Bombay it grew up into an attachment, which continued during his whole life."

Captain Howe, of the Royal Navy, brother of Admiral Lord Howe, and of General Sir William, was one of his most intimate friends. In return for a chart of the Indian seas, Niebuhr gave the General a chart of the Red Sea, which he had finished at Bombay, and which, from Dschidda northwards, was quite new to the English. No English vessel had then gone to the north of Dschidda.

After a stay of fourteen months, Niebuhr left Bombay in December, 1764, visited Maskat and Oman, whence he went by the way of Abuschaher to Shiraz and Persepolis. The night before he reached Persepolis he could not sleep, so worked up was his imagination by the desire he felt at seeing the ruins of that city. "Of all he had seen in Asia," says his son, "the ruins of Persepolis were the jewel in his opinion, and they had left upon his mind an impression which lasted all his lifetime."

Three weeks and a half he remained amongst these monuments, in a desert, measuring and drawing the ruins; but the exertion he made to copy the inscriptions produced an inflammation of the eye, and he was obliged to abandon the pursuit without having finished his drawings. He returned by the way of Schiraz to Abuschaher, and thence over the Persian Gulf to Basra; thence over Mesched Ali and Mesched Hössein to Bagdad, and arrived at Haleb the 6th of June 1766, by the road of Mosul and Diarbekr. There he again met with European society, consuls and merchants of all nations; but he still preferred the intercourse with the English. He there formed an intimacy with Dr. Russel, the author of the work on the plague, with whom the son afterwards also became acquainted.

After this Niebuhr visited Palestine, and determined the geography of the Holy Land by astronomical observations; and made a plan of Jerusalem in both cases as perfectly as time would allow. He arrived at Constantinople on his return on the 20th of February, 1767. He remained nearly four months in this capital of the Turkish empire, collecting information on the general state of the Turkish administration, which has formed the groundwork of treatises on this subject, which have been published, and proved correct and satisfactory. In the middle of July he arrived in Poland, which he took in his route homewards at the express desire of the king, Stanislaus Poniatowsky. He was



received with every civility and consideration, and continued for several years in correspondence with Stanislaus.

He arrived at Copenhagen in November, and was received with great distinction by the court, the ministers, and the learned of the kingdom. His first business was to deliver the accounts of the expenses of the journey. It appears that the whole expedition did not cost above 21,000 rix-dollars (3240*l.*), including the sums which had been laid out for instruments, &c.

Having executed this task, he began to set himself about the more laborious duty of giving an account of his journey, and from his own papers and those of Forskaal, supplying the information, in search of which the expedition had been sent out. He applied himself to answer the questions submitted by Michaelis, as well as the more important ones regarding the history of Yemen, proposed by the French Académie des Inscriptions. He abandoned the idea of publishing his astronomical observations, since nobody could examine them, as Mayer would have done, had he still been alive; his other materials were arranged together, and published in the two works which have appeared. The copperplates were paid for by the Danish government, and made a present of to the author.

On the change of ministry, and dismissal of Count Bernstorff, Niebuhr, although no public character, did not conceal his attachment to his patron, and accompanied him, with a few faithful friends, to Roeskilde. He never condescended to wait upon Struensee, the new minister, nor did he ever appear in public, as long as he was in power; he spoke openly his sentiments, approved of the popular rising against that minister, and rejoiced at his downfall.

At Michaelmas 1772 appeared his description of Arabia. Such a work could expect but a small number of readers, and the author lost a great deal of money by its publication. A French translation made in Holland had more success, but he derived no profit from it.

About this time the arrival at Copenhagen of an ambassador from the Pasha of Tripoli, again excited public curiosity on the subject of Africa, and excited in Niebuhr a strong desire to visit the interior of that continent, to set out on a journey to the Niger by the way of Tripoli and Fezzan. But an accident not very uncommon changed the direction of his career. He formed an attachment for a lady, the daughter of the physician Blumenberg, whom he married; an event, as the French say, '*auquel il dut le bonheur de sa vie.*' The fruit of the marriage was two children, the historian and a daughter.

On the publication of his first volume of travels, at Easter 1774, Niebuhr went to Leipsig, not so much on account of business, as from a desire to become acquainted with Reiske. If ever a man of genius and learning has been neglected in Germany by his contemporaries, it was Reiske. Lessing alone, and Niebuhr, paid him due honour during his lifetime; the latter had declared publicly that he never found among the Arabs any man so well acquainted with their literature as Reiske.

The second volume of his travels appeared in 1778. It breaks off with his arrival at Haleb. The third volume was to contain the rest of his journey, his treatise on the Turkish Empire and the Mahommedan

religion, his notices on Abyssinia, which he had collected in Yemen, and on Sudan, which he had obtained from Abderrachman Aga; but owing to his pecuniary losses, and to the destruction of his plates, which were consumed by the great fire at Copenhagen, in 1795, it was never published.

At this period Niebuhr lived happily at Copenhagen with his family and a small number of friends, but he felt the consequences of the removal of Count Bernstorff from office, and exchanged the military service for a civil employment in Holstein, where he obtained a situation at Meldorf, the capital of the ancient republic of Ditmar.

In this situation the principal occupation of the leisure hours of Niebuhr was the education of his children.—As this part of the narrative concerns the illustrious historian, no less than his venerable parent, and is distinguished by a remarkable candour and simplicity, we shall translate the passage from the Biography. “He taught us both geography and history; and to me besides, French and English, and also mathematics; but I am sorry to say, my want of taste for mathematics destroyed all the pleasure he could have in teaching me. He who from his boyhood had seized with avidity every opportunity of acquiring knowledge, was vexed to find us inattentive, or unwilling to learn. He read with me ‘Caesar’s Commentaries;’ but in this study also the peculiar bent of his mind displayed itself, and he directed our attention more to ancient geography, than to the history itself: the Ancient Gaul of D’Anville, for whom he felt a particular esteem, was constantly lying before us, and I was obliged to look out for every place, and to describe its situation. His instruction was not grammatical; his knowledge of languages consisted only in general impressions left upon his mind. His attempts to teach me Arabic failed, because he would not use any grammar; and he himself had lost the habit of speaking it. I learnt it afterwards by myself, and sent him some translations, which gave him great pleasure.

“I retain still a lively recollection of the accounts he gave us of the East, especially in the evenings, when he took us upon his knees, before we went to bed. The history of Mohammed, of the first Chalifs, especially Omar and Ali, for whom he entertained the highest respect, the conquests of the Islam, and the virtues of the heroes of the new faith, were early impressed upon my mind, and almost the first historical books I ever read were concerning them.

“I also recollect how he took out on a Christmas evening, when I was about ten years old, from a splendid chest which contained his manuscripts, and which was looked upon by the whole family almost as a tabernacle with the greatest reverence, his papers on Africa. He had taught me to draw maps, and with his assistance I drew maps of Sudan and Habesh.

“He was never more happy than when I brought him, on his birthday, geographical compilations on oriental countries, and he wished nothing so much as that I might become his successor as a traveller in the East. But the remonstrances of my affectionate mother induced him to give up this plan. As the British East India Company had some obligation to him with respect to the navigation of the upper part of the Red Sea, he expected to get me to India. He



was afterwards as glad, as I was myself, that this project had failed; but he used for a long time to put English books, and even English newspapers, into my hands.

"Herder sent him his little dissertation on Persepolis, which gave him great pleasure, as it was after many years the first sign he received, that he was not yet quite forgotten by his countrymen. The Turkish war, which broke out about the same time (1788), interested him greatly. As much as he liked the Arabs, he hated the Turks; he hated them as a proud and obstinate race, but still more as the tyrants of the Arabs. The French expedition to Egypt he disliked; he did not expect any good from it. He had a national antipathy against the French, and had no faith in the French revolution, although he was no partisan of the court, the aristocracy, or the clergy\*.

"The appearance of Bruce's travels was quite an event in our family. My father never doubted that Bruce had been in Abyssinia, but he wrote an article in the German Museum, shewing that his conversation with Ali Bey was evidently fictitious, as well as the pretended journey over the Red Sea to Babel Mandel, and another on the coast to the south of Kosseir, &c. Other parts of his travels, he regarded as perfectly true and authentic.

"My father was highly pleased with a letter from his old friend Dr. Russel, who applied to him for his plan of the town of Aleppo. Of course, my father sent it. It was to be used for the new edition of the description of Aleppo. Major Rennel wrote to my father for his Itineraries through Syria and Natolia, and my father did not hesitate to send them. Marsden gave him a mark of respect, by sending him his history of Sumatra. Silvestre de Sacy, who was preparing for publication his translation of *Bark el Yemen*, entered into correspondence with my father about Arabia. Niebuhr's description of Arabia, and his map of the empire of Iman, were found so surprisingly correct, that all the places named in that book, except two villages in Tehama, could be found in them. Barbier du Bocage, the geographer, obtained from my father materials for his map of Natolia. The friends of my father in England wished him to publish the third volume of his travels, in an English translation, and the late Earl Donoughmore, then Lord Hutchinson, proposed to arrange this matter with an English publisher; but Niebuhr thought it unfair towards Denmark, to publish his travels in England, and declined the offer."

During the last ten years of his life, our traveller felt sensibly the infirmities of age: he was afflicted with blindness, and other maladies usually attendant on the close of a long and active career. His wife had died in 1807, and often during the seven subsequent years, he had avowed himself prepared to join her, but he felt a natural interest in the great struggle which then agitated Europe, and he desired to see how the fate of the world would be decided. This feeling increased in the memorable year in which the French lost the battle of Leipsic. The following picture of him at this period, and the description of his last moments, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of extracting.

\* Niebuhr adds, in a note, that his father would have judged differently of the French revolution had he known the generation which sprung up from it.

"In the autumn of 1814, the whole family was assembled round him. All his features, with the extinguished eyes, had the expression of the worn-out age of an unusually strong constitution. It was impossible to see a more venerable sight. A cossack, who during the war, entered, as an uninvited guest, the room where the silver-haired old man sat, with his head bare, was so struck, that he paid the greatest regard to him. My father was invariably in good humour, cheerful and conversational. We got him to talk again of Persepolis, and he spoke of the walls which contained the inscriptions and bas-reliefs, as if he had seen them the day before. He told us, that although blind in his bed, his soul had still visions of oriental objects. The starry nightly heaven of Asia, and the blue sky of the day, returned in quiet hours, constantly to his imagination. On the 26th April, towards evening, he still was read to; was perfectly sensible, and put some questions, fell asleep, and expired without a struggle. He had attained an age of eighty-two years and six weeks."

In reviewing the character of this venerable traveller, his son describes him as simple in habits, pertinacious in his opinions, liable to strong likings and antipathies, for and against particular persons; of purity of manners, and unimpeachable integrity—devoid of a taste for abstract speculation—not partial to poetry, except Homer in the translation of Voss—and the Herman and Dorothea of Göthe—fond of the novels of Fielding and Smollet—but of no other. We give the following passage, merely because it is found in Niebuhr the historian.

"He did not trouble himself with the things of the supernatural world. He approached the dark region of futurity, with the intrepidity of a pure conscience. It is singular, that this man, who had so little imagination, awoke us in the night, when his brother died, of whose illness he knew nothing, in order to tell us that his brother was dead."

In conclusion, he is described as wholly free from vanity, but the kind regards of such men as Reiske, Silvestre de Sacy, and Rennel, were highly gratifying to him. He declined a patent of nobility, offered to him by the minister Guldberg. "I would not give such offence to my family," he said to a friend, who asked him about it, "he who accepts a title of nobility, seems to me, not to think his family respectable enough."

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### DREAMS.

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"——— a pleasant dream  
At best can be but dreaming,—  
And if the true may never beam—  
Oh! who would slight the seeming."—PRAED.

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I go—yet I am smiling,—  
I weep—yet am not sad,—  
Tho' a dream be all beguiling,  
Yet a dream hath made me glad;—



And darkness, like the raven,  
 May be brooding from afar,  
 Yet my bark shall leave the haven  
 With a dream it's polar star!

A form hath been before me,  
 And its look was like to thine,—  
 A cloud hath floated o'er me,  
 But its colour was divine,—  
 I saw the future lying  
 Like a map before my eye,—  
 And that form was still undying—  
 And the cloud had floated by!

To make a dream an omen  
 To guide me on my way!—  
 To trust me to a woman!—  
 What will the wise ones say?  
 I care not—than the seeming  
 They have nothing more to show,—  
 Oh! there's many a bliss in dreaming  
 Those wise ones never know!

*London, March 26th, 1829.*

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## DIARY

### FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH.

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12th.—Cases are constantly occurring which prove the extreme injustice of persons accused of capital offences, in the country, being tried only twice a year—and that, too, at periods at such unequal distances—the average intervals being, in round numbers, eight months and four. Perhaps, however, there never was a more flagrant instance of this injustice than one that occurred two days ago at Worcester. A man was committed on a charge of horse-stealing, last July—the circumstances of which were such that Mr. Justice Park declared from the bench that, if such evidence were to be considered sufficient to warrant a man's conviction, neither he himself, nor any of the gentlemen around him, could consider themselves at all safe. The Grand Jury, to his Lordship's extreme amazement, found a true bill—it may be mentioned that the committing-magistrate was on it;—but, on the evidence failing early in the case for the prosecution, the learned Judge insisted that the trial should proceed, that the real facts might come out. They were these: the prisoner had had the horse for several months, publicly working it in his cart, and he had bought it from a man, previously to coming into whose possession it had passed through several hands! Truly, if one is to run the risk of lying in gaol for eight months under such circumstances as these, Mr. Tattersall's trade will diminish.

It is clear that either the Courts of Quarter Session should be made fit to be entrusted with capital cases—or there should be a winter gaol-delivery on all the circuits as well as the Home. The former, we think, would be much the better course ; as then all the gaols in the kingdom would be cleared six times a-year.

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17th.—Mr. Warburton has brought in his bill for the supply of anatomical subjects, in pursuance of the recommendation of the Committee, the labours of which we noticed at length in our number for February. The plan is, as is known, to give up for dissection all the bodies not claimed by any relations or friends, of persons who die in hospitals and poor-houses. In the article to which we have alluded, we have, we believe, shewn the absolute necessity of some supply—as also that this mode secures the supply being sufficient, and gives the absolute *certainty* of its being impossible that the feelings of any human being can be injured by it. We still, however, adhere, and the more strongly the longer we have thought of it, to the inexpediency of the giving up the bodies being made permissive instead of compulsory. To *whom* is the discretion given?—To parish overseers and hospital officers, who can have no earthly motives to withhold the bodies, unless they be bad ones. We hope Mr. Warburton will re-consider this. It being only *unclaimed* bodies that are in any case to be given up, it is totally beyond our power to conceive how vesting this discretion in officers of the kind described should be calculated in any degree to be more favourably received by prejudiced persons, than a compulsory statute—namely, that *unclaimed* bodies should be given to the surgeon under the regulations to be there laid down—for, to win over prejudice is the ground assigned for the present plan. We cannot see how it will do any such thing, and we see quite plainly that it is placing power in very improper hands.

We have noticed this subject to-day, on account of seeing two articles upon it in the 'Morning Herald,' written either in the most odious bad faith, or in the most total ignorance of the whole question. The leading article comments upon the city one, which asserts that it is a city matter, inasmuch "as the bill proposes to make dead bodies a sort of legal traffic." This is aimed evidently at the *one* objection we have felt it to be our duty to make to the provisions of the bill, and it might be a lesson, as it has enabled such a person as this writer must manifestly be, to make, out of twenty accusations, one with a very slight shadow of justice. Such *may* be the result of one clause ;—it were a thousand times better than the present system if these officers did sell *unclaimed* bodies, than that the surgeons should have none—but it is false to say that the bill "proposes" any such thing. But there are two allegations more strikingly ungrounded than the rest, which this writer propounds to excite the feelings against the means being afforded for a proper study of surgery. He says that bodies may be unclaimed, because the relations or friends are too poor to bury them, and that their feelings would in that case be lacerated. The public may well agree with the proposition thus put, and it is dwelt on in every possible variety of circumstance. But the truth is, that bodies



claimed by relations or friends too poor to pay their funeral expenses, are always buried at the parish expense, the friends being allowed to shew every mark of respect and sorrow that they may desire. It is only the bodies unclaimed by any one, even merely as mourner, that it is proposed should be given up. Here no feelings *can* be wounded—for if any were possessed by the relations, or friends, supposing there to be any, they would come forward. The other false allegation is that the proposed measure will deprive the bodies of Christian burial. It is quite the reverse. In every case, the ritual of our service will be duly performed. We shall dismiss this writer with the assertion that all the other objections he makes to the measure are quite as unsound as these.

The leading article of the 'Herald' is written very much in the same spirit as this. It abuses the surgeons, and the members of Parliament, for not leaving their own bodies to be dissected, while they make laws for those of the poor being so used: and it alleges that all this is done from the mere fact of the poor being poor. Now it is quite manifest that this is all absurd. Here, the feelings of relations would be hurt, which in the case of such of the poor as we have described would not be. We respect the feelings of the poor every jot as much as those of the rich—but the arrangement proposed would not hurt the feelings of rich, or poor, or of any one on the face of the earth. Such productions as these which we have commented upon, are equally foolish and pernicious. The measure is an almost unexceptionable provision for the means for competent medical practitioners to exist in this country. And this is a measure in which the poor are even more interested than the rich—for there will always be capable men to be procured for money—whereas the poor must be contented with the "surgeon and apothecary," who is nearest at hand—and if matters go on as they do now, a few years hence all these *must* be in a state of the blindest ignorance. We are sure, if our readers have looked at the first article in the present number, they will not attribute what we have now said to unmindfulness of the poor.

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21st. Really it is melancholy to see how strongly prejudices, which ought by common consent to be scouted both as wicked and foolish, still prevail. Here the Duke of Wellington has thought it necessary to fight a duel with Lord Winchilsea—for certain expressions reflecting upon him in a fanatical letter, written by the very peculiar nobleman last-mentioned. The reflections were perfectly unjustifiable, as most of the proceedings of a mind capable of admitting the narrowest fanaticism, usually are. But they should have been treated by the Duke with the same quiet contempt, into which the public had silently suffered them to sink. The pernicious attempts to inflame the people to madness, in a former composition of the noble lord, had fallen dead. There was more sound sense and right feeling among those addressed, than in him who addressed them. Even the terrible nature of the end could not ennoble the poverty of the means. Every body treated what Lord Winchilsea said, as nonsense—and every body was quite right.

It must be quite clear, then, we think, that nothing but the most una-

voidable necessity should have induced the Duke of Wellington to risk, against such a life as that of Lord Winchilsea, one on which the happiness of many millions of his fellow-creatures is, at this moment, depending. It is really nothing short of awful, to think of the consequences which would have ensued, had the Duke of Wellington been killed. But they are on the surface, and we need not detail them. The real question is, did the necessity exist for the risk being incurred? We really cannot see that it did. Were the imputations brought forward under such circumstances as to have tarnished the Duke of Wellington's honour, if he had not noticed them at all? We cannot think that they were. Take his own position and character into consideration, and those of his adversary—take all the circumstances attending the case, and we really think that the Duke was in no degree called upon to take up that absurd letter in the way he did. Who would have thought of blaming him if he had not? That Lord Winchelsea acted wrongly, or his friend Lord Falmouth for him, we think quite clear. A man who determines to make an apology, after having stood a shot, ought, except in a few very extreme cases, to make it without going out. It is the course of true manliness, to express that regret which it is your ultimate purpose to express, without exposing the man whose right to call upon you for redress you thus allow, to the chance of having the weight of bloodshed upon his conscience. It is the course, we think, which the world, even with all its preposterous notions on this most preposterous of subjects, admits, and which every high-minded man should act upon. The temperance of the Duke of Wellington's first application, left a field fully open for this, without the possibility of the least imputation being cast upon Lord Winchilsea.

We wish, upon all accounts, that this duel had not taken place—but chiefly from the encouragement which it may give to the abominable custom itself. We cannot conceive anything more in contradiction to every principle of religion, of morals, or of common sense, than this practice of duelling. It is most rare, indeed, that either party desires the blood of the other—he goes out because the world expects him so to do—because he would be coldly looked upon if he did not. If a man be really injured, it is certainly the most ingeniously-contrived method to procure him the very reverse of redress, that he shall be exposed to the same risk as the injurer—and, at all events, we think every man of common sense must consider the fact, that a person possessing, and every day exerting, all manner of evil and unamiable qualities, will be better received in society, than one who has refused to fight a duel—to be nothing short of disgusting. As for the objection of its being impossible that people could be kept in order, if the appeal to the pistol were discontinued, it is on the face of it groundless. Are gentlemen less civilized than the middle classes of society, where exceedingly good behaviour exists without any need of duelling to keep it so? The thing is too plain for argument. The ordinary customs of society are quite strong enough to preserve themselves—and, for graver matters, the law and public opinion would be amply sufficient. But, it may be said, the practice exists; how stop it? We will tell you. In every duel in which death ensues, let the surviving principal and the two seconds,—for they are



often the most in fault,—be hanged for the murder;—which it is both legally and morally—though juries are in the habit of perjuring themselves in finding it otherwise, and both magistrates and judges have shewn a very disgraceful departure from their duty, in their partial mode of administering the law in such matters. (See Baron Garrow's charge at Horsham, only last week.) Duellists are gentlemen, and when they have been found guilty of manslaughter, they have been sentenced to fine and imprisonment, instead of being transported or sent to the hulks, as a poor man is for a similar offence. The law is quite sufficient as it stands; *let it be duly executed*, shewing no respect to persons, and but very few years would elapse before an end would be put to a custom, teeming with all the barbarism of its feudal origin, and, in itself, equally unchristian, inhuman, and absurd.

25th. GOOD FIRES.—The Catholic Bill is not yet in the House of Lords—but they have managed to make as much fight about it, there, or nearly, as in the Commons. Now, although it must be by this time most manifest to our readers, that we attach as strong an interest as is possible to “the one subject”—yet we very much lament that its monopoly should be so strictly enforced—to the total exclusion, for instance, of the measures with regard to the police, the prisons, and the prevention of crime generally, with many others of great moment. Still, in the lower house, just now, it cannot be helped: but we really think their Lordships “needna’ ha’ fash’d their thumbs” about the matter quite so constantly. We, therefore, are exceedingly obliged to Lord Londonderry, for bringing forward the subject of *London coals*, in the House of Lords last night. Good dwellers in this ancient city and the circumjacent parts, know ye that *we are all robbed*. Yes, robbed—of nearly a third of the price of every chaldron that comes into our cellar. Just think of that! Why a sea-coal fire is among the greatest glories of England! Nay, we are even very strongly inclined to believe, that it occasioned the introduction of the word *Comfort* into our language, of the sole possession of which we are so deservedly proud. Talk of London smoke! Pooh! what does that signify in winter; it keeps us warm even out of doors;—talk of the fires from which it springs—then we’ll listen to you. There is no other fire fit to hold a candle to a sea-coal fire. Wood burns too rapidly—it does not make a substantial fire—though a billet or so intermixed, in a large grate, with coal, is commendable. As for turf—Hibernicè—Scoticè, peat—it makes a beautiful fire for about a dozen minutes. You heap on a cart-load (there is always an enormous basket of it in the room)—there is a splendid fire in seventy seconds—you take up a book—it chances to be *Old Mortality* or the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*—you have not read it above thirteen times—you become, of course, wholly engrossed in the meeting between Jeanie Deans and Young Staunton, at Muschat’s cairn,—you think of nothing but *that*—(we cannot find a word to describe it)—you heave a deep sigh, as you turn over the leaf into a fresh chapter, which brings you into the thick of the thief-takers of the guid town—and you feel very cold. The fire has been dead out these five minutes! No—there’s nothing like the comforts of a good sea-coal fire. Think of the luxury of stirring it! Why, that alone

would give it a superiority over all fires, as great as that of Rhenish wine over London water. Think of just stirring it, and then seeing the small flames spring up, like a smile in its first sparkling outbreak on a beautiful face—and then settle into a full, warm, rich brilliancy, like the same face in its expression of bright and inspiring cheerfulness. There's a simile for you!—aye and a very exact one too, as those who have the happiness of possessing the immediate means of comparison, must fully know. Think, ye enviable people, of the delight of drawing round the fire, *en famille*, after dinner, with the blaze reflected upon little merry faces, turned up towards yours, with the bright, sweet, happy expression such faces wear. Think, ye bachelors, upon the good-humoured welcome your fire gives you when you come home, and with what double zest you sit down to your occupation—be it of amusement, be it of business, when your library-chair, or your writing-table, is placed at a skilful angle from the hearth. Think of these things—and learn that you pay *nearly twice* what you ought for your coals, including the original cost, and a fair sum for the carriage, the landing, and the profit of the coal-merchant.

But there is another thing to think of besides—namely the effect of this price upon the poor. Just conceive what it must be in the damp drizzling weather which is so common in our winters—still more in the occasional hard frosts—to have a dark, low, miserable fire, barely emitting any warmth—certainly not enough for any thing approaching to comfort, scarcely sufficient for mere health. Just conceive the pinched, shrunken, shivering, little figures which crowd around such a hearth as this, and the piteous glance which *they* cast up into their parents' face!—in what touching contrast to the group we have sketched above!—This is no fancy-picture. We are convinced that Cold ranks among the foremost of the sufferings of our poor in winter. What must they have endured in the frost of last January!

But how have we all of a sudden discovered that the price of coals is so much more than it ought to be? Simply from what passed last night in the House of Lords. Lord Londonderry and Lord Durham are both great owners of coal-mines; and the Duke of Wellington, in his visit last autumn to the north, seems to have looked into the subject of the coal-trade with great minuteness. Lord Londonderry states, that coals cost at the mouth of the pit from sixteen to eighteen shillings per chaldron, and that the cost of bringing them to London is ten shillings more;—and that thus the difference between the price paid by the consumer, which is at the least fifty shillings, and that at which the coals arrive at London is, at the lowest computation, twenty-two shillings. The difference, he says, arises from the government duties, and the city dues of various kinds. The Duke of Wellington says he considers the difference greater than Lord Londonderry. We do not understand the calculation of his Grace, as stated in figures in the reports (we have looked into two or three papers); there must be a mistake somewhere, for they make him attribute statements to Lord Londonderry which vary from those given to his lordship by the same reports. However, the Duke says, in plain words, that he thinks the difference even greater than that named by Lord Londonderry. He adds, the government duty is six shillings a chaldron, having been re-



duced from nine a few years back. The city dues, he states, to be one of six-pence and one of four-pence\*—these cannot make the difference;—therefore, as the Duke undeniably says, there must be something in the trade besides the duties and dues to account for it. Now, what is that something? Nobody seems to know very accurately; but there are broad hints given that the mischief lies in the city of London;—that the monopoly they possess by all sorts of bye-laws gives rise to jobs, patronage of petty offices, and thence, of course, to the fleecing of the public to the decent extent we have had revealed to us by their Lordships last night. This may be true, or it may be false; but we shall soon know, for a Committee of the Lords is to be appointed forthwith—and the dirty doings, which *must* exist somewhere, will be brought to light. It is quite clear that the difference cannot arise from a confederation in the retail-trade—for if that were so, some one not in the trade would have started long ago selling coals at a fair profit—and thence have either ruined all the coal-merchants, or brought them down to his prices. The Duke has willingly granted the Committee; but, he says, he will not reduce the duties. We regret this; for we think coals a very unfit article to be heavily taxed; and a tax (in round numbers) about two-and-twenty per cent. is a heavy one. We think that taxes ought to be laid as lightly upon the absolute *necessaries* of life, as is financially possible. Let people pay for their luxuries. The Duke, also, rather defends the city-dues (the regular ones) on the score of the necessity of preserving and improving the communications from the water. That is quite true; but there is no reason why coals should pay more than any thing else. If everything pays, very well; but we still would carry the principle of necessities and luxuries into operation here. We shall look anxiously to the revelations of the Committee, as we doubt not *many others* will likewise. There must be something very much awry somewhere.

26th. Mr. Peel brought forward, last night, a bill for consolidating the laws regarding the duties of the magistracy. We confess we regret that the honourable gentleman has adopted this form of effecting what is manifestly a very desirable object; for there are some new regulations to be framed—and at all events, as this is a codification of the laws regarding justices of the peace, we think it was well worthy, as one honourable member says (Mr. Bright), of being discussed and digested by a Committee. We do not think that even the experience of a Secretary of State for the Home Department—and of that both of Mr. Peel, and of the framer of the bill, the late Under-Secretary, Mr. Hobhouse, we wish to speak with every respect—not even the ex-

\* These dues, which by some strange misnomer, seem to be talked of as "the Orphan's Fund," inasmuch as they are applied to constructing and repairing the communications of the "city of London," are, as the law now stands, to expire in the year 1837. Both Lord Londonderry and Lord Durham speak with indignation of an attempt now in progress to smuggle the perpetuity of these rates through Parliament, in a clause of a bill brought in as a private one, on the subject of the approaches to the new London Bridge. Such proceedings are indeed most paltry;—for whose attention would be drawn to rates on coals by the title of a bill about the approaches to London bridge? But such things are done, now and then, without any one but the perpetrators knowing any thing about it.

perience of these gentlemen is, we think, sufficient to enable them to draw up a satisfactory general code of the laws relating to the magistracy. We are convinced that even they would be startled by some of the facts which would be brought before a Committee in evidence. The most flagrant injustice is committed at the Quarter Sessions every time they are held, not from bad motives of any kind, but from pure ignorance—ignorance not by any means disgraceful to a country gentleman, for he is set to do that which no one but a man bred a lawyer can do,—decide, namely, on every point of law which arises in the course of trials affecting the liberty, character, property of a man—all but his life. We could fill half a dozen of our pages with instances within our own knowledge of such things, without further enquiry. We have not the remotest shadow of doubt that evidence could, with the utmost ease, be produced before a Committee which would induce them unanimously to recommend the appointment of barristers to act as chairmen of the quarter sessions. And there is not a word of this in the act introduced last night. We only wish Mr. Peel could be present at a few Quarter Sessions, without its being known he was there. We would gladly rest the whole question on his coming round to our opinion.

Our readers will find this subject fully discussed in the number of our magazine for last October. They will there see that the Court of Quarter Sessions has a power the most fantastic that can well be conceived; namely, to decide whether they will allow an appeal to be made against themselves or not! Our readers, not conversant with these matters, will scarcely believe that such a power can be granted to any body of men. But the magistrates in Quarter Sessions assembled do possess it—though many of the most eminent judges that ever sat on the Bench have lamented that it should be the law, in the same breath in which they have decided that it was so. Lord Hardwicke expressed a very strong opinion of its evil effects. But when judges do express such opinions, we think it would be as well if they used their influence to get the law, they think a bad one, altered. This law, however, has never been altered, and it now allows appeal to the Court of King's Bench, which is the court to which appeal lies from the Quarter Sessions, only in two cases;—the one where there is an error of form on the face of the order of Sessions—for the merits the Court of King's Bench will not enter into—and, the other, where the Court of Quarter Sessions grants a special case to go to the court above for its decision. This case is a statement of facts, drawn up from the chairman's notes, and agreed to by the counsel on both sides; and on this, after argument, the Court of King's Bench decides. Thus, for any appeal to take place upon the merits of the decision, the deciding parties must consent. We have in no degree exaggerated our statement with reference to this court, as we could undeniably prove had we space to go into the subject fully. It is, therefore, we think, rather remarkable that in Mr. Peel's speech introducing a bill to codify and amend laws regarding the magistrates, the very mention of "Quarter Sessions" does not occur.

We cannot, we confess, see the necessity of raising the qualification of a justice of the peace from 100*l.* to 300*l.* a year. The intelligence of



the middle ranks has risen in quite as great a proportion as the value of money has decreased: nay, since Mr. Peel's own act, restoring the latter, in a very considerable degree, we should say in a greater. So far from desiring to see the qualification raised, we think an intermixture of the more intelligent portion of the middle classes would be a very great improvement. They would be free from many of the prejudices which spread evil over the adjudication of the aristocracy; they would have a fellow-feeling, to a moderate extent, with the people, which, we think, the great bulk of the landed gentlemen are still most sadly without. We always regard with the utmost jealousy and dislike any measure founded upon an aristocratical principle, as we are most conscientiously of opinion that, in comparison with a country under an aristocratical government, one subjected to an absolute despotism would be a paradise.

We confess, we wonder Mr. Peel should be so blind to the general advancement of the classes immediately below the higher, as to propose a measure tending to exclude them from the magistracy. We find it impossible to go along with his reasoning;—he says, "It is a question whether it would not be advisable to raise the qualification of a justice of the peace. The present qualification I cannot but think is too low; for the possession of 100*l.* a year is all that is requisite as the pecuniary qualification for a magistrate. When we observe that property has increased so much, and that so many individuals are to be found fully qualified in every respect, and in sufficient numbers, to discharge the duties of this office, I doubt whether it is not expedient to raise the qualification from the present amount to something not greatly above it. I am unwilling at present to express a positive opinion on this point, until I can ascertain, by local information, how it will affect practically the different parts of the country. The question is, whether it would not be advisable to raise the qualification from 100*l.* to 300*l.* a year. I would not propose to disqualify those who may not be qualified to that amount, and who are now in the commission of the peace; but I believe it would be an improvement in the counties at large if a higher sum, at least than 100*l.* a year, was fixed for the qualification of county magistrates."

We really are unable to see how this can be brought to apply to the question. We cannot consider the question to be whether, from the increase of property, or what not, there may not be plenty of persons qualified to act as magistrates possessing a qualification at the higher rate, but whether those who have no more than the lower are so unfit as to deserve that this privilege should be taken from them. Mr. Peel does not say this; nay, he allows such of them as are now in the commission of the peace to remain. But we go farther, and say that other things have increased besides property, namely, the intelligence and respectability of the middle classes; and that measures calculated to depress them will every day be regarded as more unjust, and be submitted to with less patience. Mr. Peel does not state or hint, that the magistrates with the smaller qualifications have in any degree proved themselves unworthy of their office. We cannot, indeed, see any reason for the alteration that Mr. Peel gives at all;—he says, he doubts whether it

would not be better to raise the qualification, but does not explain to us the causes why; for certainly the extract we have made from his speech, which is all he says on the subject, conveys no such information.

There are several minor regulations in this Bill of a beneficial tendency, especially the regular establishment of Petty Sessions. It is to be printed, and time for considering it is given to the extent of either a fortnight or three weeks; for from the expression being Wednesday fortnight, and yesterday having been Wednesday, it is impossible to know whether the newspaper speaks in the past or present tense, which makes all the difference. We hope, however, that it may be the longer period, that the measure may be as thoroughly looked into as is consistent with the present mode of bringing it forward. We shall devote a separate article to the consideration of its provisions next month, for there can scarcely be a question in which the interests of the community in general are more involved.

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30th. "Eh? How's this?" exclaims a reader, turning over the leaf—"no Editor's Room?"—"No; we have been prevented giving any this month."—"Prevented?—what by?"—"By the Catholic Question."—"The Catholic Question! What *can* that have to do with the Editor's Room?"—"Every thing. That article is a review of books; and as nobody will read anything now unless it be on the Question, no new books are published. Every house in the Row says the demands from the country have almost wholly ceased. They, in turn, cease to demand from Messrs. Murray and Colburn, who in consequence cease to supply. Ergo, there is no Editor's Room for the London Magazine of March 1829."

Here would be another fact for our friend Mr. Peregrine Courtenay; the writer of *Toujours Perdrix*—but we beg leave to add an exception. Our readers may, perhaps, be surprised to hear that it is in our own person. We chanced, last week, to dance a quadrille with a young lady whom we met for the first time. She proved to be very conversible, and we chatted a good deal. At the end, she made a very low curtsy, and said "Sir, I am exceedingly obliged to you." We were rather startled, and exclaimed "For what?"—"Why you have gone through this whole quadrille with me, and have not once mentioned the Catholic Question;—such a thing has not happened to me for the last month."

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